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THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

BY J. L. S.

Lads, with manly hearts and true,
Sturdy hands to carry through
High and bold endeavor.
Shun the Street of By-and-By!
Go not near—I'll tell you why;
That's the road to Never.

Down the Street of By-and-By
He that stands to gaze will spy
Many a dreary token;
Ruined walls where grass has grown,
Wains of treasure overthrown,
Houses wrecked and broken.

Turn not down its winding track—
Whoso enters comes not back;
Ah! the woe, the pity!
Forward, lads, with earnest brow—
Tread the busy street of Now,
On to Fortune City.

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY THE AUTHER OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A STORM IN A TEA-CUP," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT on earth did she shy at? Run to her head, Jim! There's nothing to frighten her that I can see."

Jim scrambled down from his high dog-cart, and, running to the trembling mare's head, gently began to back her out of the little ditch by the roadside into which she had sprung at a bound.

As he brought the cart round straight into the lane again the light fron the near-side lamp fell upon a white heap or bundle lying on the grass-slope under the hedge. Kitty's ears still worked nervously, and her eyes glanced suspiciously from side to side of the lane, but her mad leap had taken her beyond view of the cause of her fright, and she was gradually soothed into good behavior again.

"That's what started her, m'lord," said Jim, in one of the pauses of the soothing process, printing to the white patch; "and quite enough to frighten anything, coming on it so sudden such a dark night as this."

"Confounded nuisance!" muttered his lordship savagely. "It'll just lose me my train, and I shall have half-an-hour to wait in that draughty hole of a station, and be late for dinner into the bargain. They're so particular at Clewster, too. She's all right now, Jim; go and see what the bundle is."

Jim left the mare's head and stooped to examine the passive cause of all the hubbub. But he had no sooner laid his hand upon the offending object than he brought himself upright again with a spasmodic jerk, and took a quick step back from it.

"What's up now?" cried his master. "What is it? Did it bite you?"

Jim turned a scared face round to answer—

"It's something alive, m'lord. It's quite warm!"

"Well, it won't be warm long, if it's left here such a bitter night as this. Bring it here and let's have a look at it."

Jim approached the mystery again, and with an extravagant caution proceeded to raise it carefully in his arms; but he nearly dropped it again, when there came from it the wailing cry of a young infant.

"S' help me never, if it ain't a baby!" he cried, his usual respectful manner scattered to the four winds by the greatness of his astonishment.

Lord Mavis uttered an exclamation in which dismay and a sense of the ridiculous found equal expression.

"By the Lord Harry," he cried, "this story will cling to me till my dying day! Lucky for me I'm not a thin-skinned fellow, for if this gets to be known I shall have a pretty warm time of it. Bring it here, Jim, and let me have a look at it."

Jim laid the bundle in the dog-cart, and lifted out one of the lamps, the better to examine their treasure-trove. His lordship took the light from him, and sat with the reins in one hand and the lamp in the other, watching with a very interested air, the other's ungainly attempts to remove the manifold wrappings from the shrieking child.

Except the moaning of the keen north-east wind as it swept through the bare boughs of a few stunted oaks by the way-side, and the clinking of metal as the mare still fretted her bit impatiently, there was no sound or sign of life on all the stretch of level land but just there, in the circles of light thrown from the brilliant carriage-lamps.

There was something weird in the scene—the restless animal, the two men silently intent on their task, watching eagerly for the first glimpse of the child's face; and beyond, in the shadow, the swaying moaning boughs dimly outlined against the background of inky sky.

It was a relief when some one spoke, and spoke in such commonplace language as to at once disperse any suspicion of the horrible.

"What a rum little beggar!" exclaimed his lordship, when the baby's face became visible at last, all puckered and red from its efforts to make itself heard, "Is it going to have a fit, Jim, or are all babies like that?" he asked.

Jim looked at the writhing atom of humanity and rubbed his chin gently, but he made no reply. In the meantime the object of all this wonderment, having gone through sundry gymnastic performances with its tiny clenched fists, suddenly brought one of them down with a vicious thwack on its own open mouth, and held it there.

"The little cannibal!" said his lordship rapturously. "Look at it, Jim, feeding off its own paws like a juvenile bear."

"Seems to like 'em too, don't it, m'lord?" replied Jim gravely.

The two men were silent for a few seconds, watching with comical interest the valiant efforts made by the youngster to get the whole of its fist into his mouth.

"It'll never manage that job," observed Jim presently—"leastways not until its mouth is stretched a bit wider."

"By George," exclaimed his lordship, sitting suddenly upright, as the sullen boom of a church clock striking the hour came slow and clearly over the open land from the distant town, "there's six o'clock striking! It's as much as I shall do to catch the 6.12 to Clewster. Jump in, Jim."

"What am I to do with the baby, m'lord? Shall I roll it up and put it back again?"

"Heavens alive, man—no!" ejaculated Lord Mavis, so loudly that the startled child lost its grip on its knuckles, and began to cry lustily. But Jim was getting knowing now, and promptly guided the tiny hand to the mouth again.

"Are you thinking of taking it to Clewster with you, then, m'lord?"

"Don't be a fool, Jim," responded his master sharply. "As if I could walk into Lady Tolverton's drawing-room with that little beggar in my arms!"

"Then what are you going to do m'lord?"

"Hanged if I know! But we can't leave it here to be frozen to death. Get up, Jim, and keep it as warm as you can on your knee, and, whatever you do, don't take its hand out of its mouth—we'll settle what to do as we go along. Perhaps you know some one in Tipton who would look after , if I made it worth their while."

So Jim clambered up once more beside his master, picked up the child, and held it with awkward tenderness in his arms, Lord Mavis turning round now and again to see that the bear-skin was high enough to keep the biting wind from the poor deserted child.

As the dancing light from the lamps grew dim in the distance, and the rattle of the wheels began to die away on the hard, frost-bound road, a small, slight female figure rose slowly, with evident effort, from its crouching position behind the hedge, and, pushing through a gap, stood in the middle of the road, with its arms raised and extended yearningly towards the disappearing dog-cart.

The merciful darkness hid the awful anguish in the woman's eyes, as a bend in the road shut the dancing lights from her gaze, and the cruel cold drove back the cry from her lips to the birthplace in her heart, as she fell upon her knees and asked of Heaven its last and most-coveted boon—death!

"I was just beginning to despair of seeing you, John," said Lady Tolverton as she shook the young man warmly by the hand. "You are only just in time, you see," she added, as dinner was announced.

"I'm awfully sorry, Lady Tolverton," he responded; "fact is, through my mare shying at something on the road I lost my train from Tipton, and I had half an hour to wait for the next."

"Well, I'm very glad you kept faith with me; I've an old school-chum of yours here, Hastie Brinkton; he was so pleased when he heard you were coming here to-night. You must wait until after dinner for your chat, as you're so late. You take Miss Chatworth in to-night—you and she always get on well together."

Lord Mavis was not quite himself at dinner that evening. He astonished Miss Chatworth very much indeed by asking her if she was fond of fists; and, when that lady remarked upon the youthfulness of a bride who was making her debut that evening, he observed absently, "Yes, very young; never saw one so young before; not more than a fortnight old, I should think." He knew he had made a stupid blunder directly the words were spoken, by the astonishment on his companion's face, and he apologised at once for his absent-mindedness.

"Fact is I'm a bit upset to-night," he explained, "and I hardly know what I'm talking about."

"I saw you were worried about something," Miss Chatworth returned softly; "is it anything you can tell me? It's a relief sometimes to talk a worry over."

For an instant he thought he would tell her all, and ask her advice as to the disposal of his treasure-trove. She was a sensible girl, utterly free from affectation, and she would know at once the best thing to be done in the circumstances. But Fate interposed to check his intention, as he raised his eyes from their troubled contemplation of the table-cloth, he caught the glance of Hastie Brinkton from the other end of the table, and the pleasant impulse of recognition drove the other matter out of his mind for the moment.

Later on in the evening something happened which made him glad he had not taken any one into his confidence. As soon as the ladies left the table the two old chums became absorbed in conversation.

"And so you're married and spoilt, Hastie?" said Lord Mavis, when the first greetings was over.

"Married, but not spoilt, old man," replied the other. "The five years since my marriage have been the best and happiest part of my life!"

His lordship looked at him, and groaned audibly.

"What a desperate case!" he said good-humoredly. "Five years, and not cured yet! Why, you are quite an old family man, I suppose?"

Brinkton's face clouded suddenly.

"No," he returned gravely; "that is the one thorn in our feather pillow—we have no children. I wish we had, for Nell has a passion for youngsters."

Lord Mavis put his shoulders back against his chair, the better to look at his friend's face, and when he had had a good steady stare he thrust his hands into his pockets and ejaculated, "Bless my heart!"

"What?" asked Brinkton, not understanding the drift of the remark.

"Nothing," answered his friend, with a sudden gleam of new resolve on his face. "I was astonished to hear you talk like that—that's all. You know you were such a rough one in the old days; if seems funny to hear you entering so thoroughly into domestic matters. Is Mrs. Brinkton here with you? I'm curious to see the lady who has tamed you so completly."

"Yes, she's here. I'll introduce you presently. We've been spending Christmas at her father's place. Lady Tolverton heard of us being there, and insisted on our breaking the journey back to town, and visiting her, if only for one day. We move on again to-morrow, for I have promised to attend a committee-meeting in town on the last day of the year."

"Then you will spend the New Year at home?"

"Yes!"

"I've a good mind to look you up—that is, if Mrs. Brinkton should approve of me after inspection."

"She'll be delighted, old man," cried Brinkton heartily; "my friends are always hers!"

"Let me have the address now, while I think of it," said Lord Mavis, screwing up the lead from the pencil attached to his chain; and he scribbled down the address as they crossed the hall to the drawing-room.

* * * * *

"Hastie, old boy," said Lord Mavis in a confidential undertone, as the men left the smoking-room in the small hours of the morning. "I don't wonder at your conversion—I don't, on my honor! You married an angel, wings and all!"—with a laugh. "At least she has just enough of the angel about her to make her heavenly, and not enough to prevent her from being an adorable woman!"

Brinkton laughed at the boyish effusiveness of the remark, and passed on up to his room, where he found his wife reading by the fire.

"Why, Nell," he exclaimed in surprise, "how is it you've not in bed and asleep?"

"I didn't feel sleepy, dear," she answered, "so I waited for you."

He put his candle down and went over to her side.

"I've just left Mavis," he said, still smiling over the memory of the young fellow's gush. "He's quite in love with you, Nell—said you were an angel."

Nell put her hand up to the one fondly caressing her head.

"He's a very nice boy indeed," she rejoined, "and quite remarkably good-looking. He told me he had been travelling in warm climates for a long time on account of an injury to his chest, and that was why we had seen nothing of him since our marriage. He said he should send me a New Year's gift if I would accept it, as he had not given us a wedding-present."

"I dare say he'll bring it with him," replied Hastie; "he is coming to dine with us in Piccadilly on New Year's Day."

"No doubt he will then," said Nell.

* * * * * *

It was nearly twelve o'clock on New

Year's Eve when Hastie Brinkton left his club. He ran quickly down the stone steps and jumped into a hansom, calling out to the driver that he would give him double fare if he got to Half-Moon street in five minutes. He knew Nell would be disappointed if he were not home at the birth of the New Year.

During the short rapid ride he sat with his eyes on his watch, and when the cab dashed around the last corner and drew up with a jerk at his door, he was out and almost up the steps before it had yet stopped.

The butler was standing in the open doorway, but Hastie pushed on past him into the hall, where Nell was standing with a startled look on her face.

Hastie gently pulled her into the morning-room and gave her hearty New Year's greeting as the clocks began to chime the magic hour.

"So good of you, dear old boy, to hurry home," she said, returning his caress. "Were you afraid you would be late after all? Your attack on the bell and knocker quite frightened me. Bell was startled too, I think."

"My attack on the knocker?" repeated Hastie. "I did not touch it. The door was open before I got out of the cab."

Mrs. Brinkton was just going to answer, when there was a knock at the room door, and Bell came in, looking as if he had seen a ghost, and had not quite recovered from the shock.

"If you please, ma'am, this was on the door-step," he said, pointing to a large basket of fine white wicker-work standing on the mat beside him.

"Bring it in, Bell," cried Hastie; "and let us see what it is. 'To Mrs. Hastie Brinkton, with good wishes for the New Year,'" he read from the address-card, when the butler had put the basket upon the table. "Open it, Nell, and let us see what it contains."

But Nell reluctantly hung back.

"I suppose it was the person that made such a noise at the door who brought this," she said. "Did you see any one at the door as you drove up, Hastie?"

"No; I was watching the time too anxiously to notice anything else!"

"How quickly they must have got out of the way then," she went on, still looking at the basket mistrustfully. "I don't like mysteries."

Hastie laughed at her suspicious looks.

"Come, come!" he cried; "undo it and settle the mystery. I should ruin those dainty pink ribbons if I attempted to untie them." He pushed her gently forward to the table. "Depend upon it there's nothing in it that will bite you," he said, as she at last began to untie the bows of wide pink ribbon with which the basket was fastened.

When the lid was raised there was nothing more alarming to be seen than a square of fine embroidered muslin.

"A basketful of feminine vanities, as I'm a living sinner!" exclaimed Hastie, looking interestedly over her shoulder.

But Nell lifted a corner of the muslin cover cautiously, and dropped it suddenly, to turn around and grip her husband's hand almost hysterically.

"I knew it was something awful," she gasped breathlessly, "else why would they have ran away like that?"

Hastie saw she was really unnerved, and leaning over her, he tucked back the cover with one hand, while he held her closely to him with the other.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, when the contents of the basket at last lay exposed.

And then Nell turned around and looked, and they both stood for some seconds almost holding their breath as they took their first full view of their New Year's gift.

The object of all this excitement and terror lay there supremely oblivious of the hubbub it was creating—a small pink and white girl-baby, with a little bit of yellow fluffy down on its forehead, its brown lashes tightly closed over its sleeping eyes, and its wee fist thrust remorselessly into its tiny mouth.

The little creature looked cosy enough in its dainty nest, with its spotless little pillow and its warm pink flannel wrappings, and Mr. and Mrs. Brinkton, leaning over it in speechless surprise and admiration, felt that it would be sacrilege to utter a sound to break that happy slumber.

Silently Nell pointed to a paper fastened to the flannel wrap, on which was written:

"I'm such a good girl! I sha'n't give you any trouble. Please call me 'Nell!'"

Then suddenly, without any warning, the little thing opened a pair of very blue eyes, and looked up into their faces inquiringly.

After that the fist came out of the mouth, and the tiny hand travelled up uncertainly, appealingly to the gentle face above it, while the lips trembled at the corners preparatory to a good cry.

"Good heavens, it's going to cry!" exclaimed Hastie in alarm. "I say Bell!"—turning to the butler, who had watched the whole proceedings in mute wonder—"do any of the women down-stairs know anything about babies? Find out, and, if so, send her up directly."

But Nell had already taken the child into her arms, and was crooning to it lovingly.

And so Lord Mavis's treasure-trove found a home.

CHAPTER II.

"LELLIE"—this was the name adopted by the Brinktons and their intimate friends to distinguish the younger Nell Brinkton from the elder lady—"Lellie, aren't you ready yet? Papa is getting impatient; he says you are learning your lesson as a young lady of fashion very quickly indeed when you take half an hour to get into your habit and hat, instead of the old regulation ten minutes."

"I'm dreadfully sorry to have kept him waiting, mother dear," replied Lellie, turning to speak in the middle of a frantic struggle with the buttons of her jacket; "but the fact is poor Newsome here has had a worrying letter from her mother. The wretched boy Tom has run away from home again, and we were so busy talking it over that I forgot papa was waiting. Give me my gloves, Newsome; I'll put them on while you are fixing my hat. There, mother, I don't believe I've been even the regulation ten minutes over my actual dressing."

Away she flew, scarcely seeming to touch the stairs as she went. Brinkton, waiting at the hall door below—that very hall door where eighteen years before this charming young woman in the habit had been found in the wicker-basket fastened with pink ribbons—turned around at the sound of her light step, and brightened up at the sight of her merry face.

"No scolding now!" she cried, as she ran down to him. "I've really, really been talking business, and I could not get away before. I'll tell you all about it as we go along, for I want you to help us."

Brinkton, looking scarcely any older than when he first saw that baby face, laughed good-naturedly as he swung her into the saddle, and they cantered away towards the Row in the best of spirits, looking back as they started to wave a farewell to Mrs. Brinkton at the window above.

"What a nuisance this east wind is," said Lellie regretfully. "It seems so selfish to leave mother alone."

"Still, it wouldn't do to risk bringing her out in it, after what Doctor Forson said, you know, Lellie. We don't want another attack of bronchitis like that she had in February."

"No, indeed," responded Lellie energetically. "Do you know," she went on more thoughtfully, "I feel desperately selfish and wicked sometimes, when I remember that if it had not been for me, you two would have stayed down in cosy Devonshire until all of these cruel winds were over."

"You little muff," rejoined Brinkton with a smile; "do you think I could have existed the whole season through without a glance at the galleries? And if the mother had thought she was preventing us from coming the idea would have worried her into a far worse state than that caused by the east winds; so don't talk any more nonsense, if you please. Now for a trot straight down to the end."

"You dear old dad!" cried the girl impulsively, glancing at him with eyes bright with feeling before she gave her horse the signal to go.

"Who are those, Ellsmere?" asked one man of another, as Brinkton and Lellie passed them at a smart trot. "I seem to know the man's face, but the girl is a stranger to me."

"Hastie Brinkton, the painter—one of last year's Associates—and his daughter," replied Ellsmere.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said the first speaker, adjusting his eye-glass languidly, the better to observe for himself.

"Rather," returned Ellsmere quietly. "There are several 'out' this season who are handsomer to look at, but not one of them can beat her when one knows her. She grows on one wonderfully."

"Oh!"—rather an eloquently-spoken monosyllable this, accompanied by a quick glance into Ellsmere's face. "Any money?"

"Can't say really. Should think there might be. Brinkton's wife had money—she was a Hollis of Hollicroft. That lot are all well off. He makes a good deal of money too—would make more, only he is a bit lazy. She is the only child. Here they come back. I'm going to speak to them."

The man with the eye-glass looked after his friend contemplatively.

"I wonder if it is really a case now," he observed mentally; "or whether it's another of Ellsmere's little amusements."

Lellie blushed slightly as she responded to Captain Ellsmere's greeting, and she really looked very pretty indeed, with the delicate pink in her cheeks slightly heightened, and her eyes and lips alike giving a welcome to the new comer.

Ellsmere had said more pretty things to her than any man she had yet met, and she was enough of a child still to take pleasure in pleasant words, without troubling herself much to sift out their real meaning.

"I'm so sorry I'm not riding this morning," he said now, raising his fine hazel eyes to her smiling face, and caressing her horse's neck—with the intention of working down to her hand presently for a quick light pressure.

"Why are you not riding?"

Ellsmere glanced at Brinkton, and saw he was busy saluting some acquaintance on the other side of the Row, before he answered—

"Because I did not expect to find you here this morning after the fatigues of last night. Had I thought you would be mounted I would have ridden also, just for the chance of five minutes' talk with you."

Lellie looked at him, meaning to laugh at the exaggerated value he set upon her society; but the admiration—and perhaps something a little stronger—in his eyes was so unconcealed that her glance fell before it, and a troubled little pucker showed itself at the corner of her mouth.

"Please don't be angry with me," said the low persuasive voice again. "I am such an idiot—I'm always blurting out things which would be better left unsaid." Then that delicate little manœuvre with the fingers was accomplished successfully, as he murmured, "Forgive me if I have been too presumptuous."

Lellie felt that it was she who was making a mountain out of a mole-hill, and she resolutely looking at him, tried to banish all consciousness from her face as she answered—

"There is nothing to forgive. Isn't it a splendid morning? What a mistaken idea it is with country people that the sun never shines in London."

Ellsmere noted with a touch of pique that she had quietly moved her right hand on to the pommel of her saddle, thus preventing a repetition of that delicate stratagem of his; and he felt just a little annoyed that she should so resolutely and easily have turned the conversation when he was putting forth his very best style for her edification.

"People are alike all the world over," he replied—"those who see the least think they know the most. The most humble-minded people are your great travellers." Then he raised his hat and said gravely—"I am an abominable coxcomb, Miss Brinkton, and I beg your pardon."

He turned without another word and walked slowly away. He could not have made a better move. Lellie looked after him with a sudden spasm of remorse. Had she been cruel to him? she wondered. How dreadfully crushed he had looked! Would he think her a hateful prude for taking her hand away as she had done? She wondered too whether it was the usual thing for men to secretly squeeze girls' hands when they had only met them half-a-dozen times. Perhaps she ought to have accepted it as an ordinary civility. She would ask the mater when she got home. No; on second thoughts—with a faint blush—she would not; she would watch carefully until she saw some other girl's hand being squeezed, and she would be guided by her conduct in the circumstances. And all the way through this perplexity she was conscious of a consuming desire to meet Captain Ellsmere again, that she might assure him by her conduct of her perfect forgiveness.

When they had taken another turn up and down, and Mr. Brinkton had taken leave of the friend he had picked up, he turned in wonderment to the silent girl at his side.

"Why, Lellie," he exclaimed, "how quiet you've been, child; and you've generally so much to say when Guthrie and I begin to talk art!"

But Lellie laughed off the imputation, and chattered away in her usual bright style during the rest of the ride.

Two nights afterwards the Brinktons were due at a soiree musicale at the house where Lellie had first met Ellsmere, and she spent a considerable part of the day in wondering if he would be there again that evening, and, if so, how he would behave towards her. Sometimes she thought he would perhaps pass her with the slightest acknowledgment conformable with politeness, at others she fancied he would look at her still with the genuine aid of regret he had worn when he left her in the Row. By the time dinner was over she had roused in herself a distinct interest as to how he would meet her; and it was an absolute relief to her mind when he came to them very much in his ordinary manner, except that he glanced pointedly at her when he said how glad he was that he had been persuaded against his will into coming there to-night.

Though Miss Brinkton had been "out" two months, that evening was the first occasion on which her name had been coupled with another's.

As far as his duties to his hostess would permit, Captain Ellsmere devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Brinkton's little coterie during the time they were there. It was he who hunted them out and brought them into the music-room when the star of the evening was going to sing; it was he who pioneered them into the refreshment-room afterwards in search of ices, and it was he who accompanied Mrs. Brinkton down the staircase when they left.

"I say," observed one of a group of men lounging round the head of the stairs, "Ellsmere means business with that nice little Brinkton, or he would never put himself out of the way to do the civil to the mother like that. Never saw him do such a thing before."

"What Brinkton is that?" asked another carelessly. "Any relation of the artist by that name?"

"His daughter, my boy. Decidedly pretty, and a decent fortune."

"You don't know what you've talking about, Croxford," irritably remarked a third man. "The girl is no more Hastie Brinkton's daughter than I am. I ought to know, for Mrs Brinkton is a cousin of mine. I've reason to know it too, for, if they had not picked up this 'maid of mystery,' I should most likely have come in for a good legacy at my cousin's death—she was very fond of me when I was a little chap in petticoats, I believe. Now I suppose all the money she can leave independently will go to this lovely unknown."

"Do you really mean what you say, Hollis?" asked Croxford incredulously. "She's always been introduced and accepted as their daughter ever since they came to town at the beginning of the season."

"Do you think I should say such a thing if I didn't mean it?" snapped Hollis savagely. "But, daughter or no daughter, she'll get very farthing of their money, you'll see. Every sou that isn't tied down to the family will go to the young woman they found tied up in a basket on their doorstep on New Year's Eve eighteen years ago. It's as true as anything in the world." And Hollis, looking as if the mere recital of his wrongs had angered him beyond endurance, strode away moodily enough.

"He's mad!" declared Croxford, looking after him.

"Enough to make him," returned the man who had started the conversation. "I know I should be in the same circumstances."

"Wonder if Ellsmere knows this story of the basket and the doorstep?" resumed Croxford thoughtfully, after a short silence.

"Why? It wouldn't be likely to make any difference if he did, so long as the money is safe."

"I don't know about that," observed Croxford. "Ellsmere is a big swell himself you know. His mother is one of the Duke of Carlington's daughters, and his father is the head of the house of the Brancepeth Ellsmeres—they're as well-bred a lot as you could meet with. I don't think his people would care about receiving a girl picked off a doorstep in a clothes-basket as the mother of the future Brancepeth Ellsmeres!"

But Captain Ellsmere did not seem likely to trouble himself much about this phase of the question. Judging his intentions by his behavior, he meant winning Lellie at all hazards, and was utterly indifferent to the opinion of any third person whatsoever as to the propriety of the match. His attentions—at first quite meaningless, and prompted by no deeper feeling than a desire to be first in the field with the pretty debutante—had received a decided spur when his vanity was wounded by the girl's quiet little snub in the Row; and the more he threw himself into her society the more he grew to like it, until he began to ask himself, with very real astonishment, if it were possible that he, Frank Ellsmere, the victor in a hundred flirtations, was at last about to lower his standard and confess himself beaten at his own game.

So affairs went on for some weeks, and it grew to be an acknowledged thing that where the Brinktons were seen, there was Ellsmere to be found.

Lellie got into the habit of looking for him the moment she entered a room, and of feeling disappointed if she did not see him at once—which, by the way, did not often happen—and her heart always gave a little throb of pleasure when she met his eloquent smile of greeting, even though it were across the whole width of a crowded room.

Though society was not slow to detect Ellsmere's open admiration for Lellie, the Brinktons remained to the last in a blissful state of ignorance as to what was going on under their very eyes.

As soon as Ellmere was pretty certain of his feelings he spoke to Lellie. He did not ask her in so many plain words to be his wife; but he tried to make sure that her answer, when he put the question, would be "Yes."

Then he went to Brinkton, and astonished that gentleman very genuinely by his declaration.

"I have never cared for a woman in my life as I care for your daughter, Mr. Brinkton," he finished up by saying; "and if you will give her to me, I will honestly try to make her happy."

"I believe you would," responded Brinkton heartily; "and, of course, the match is everything I could desire for my little girl; but——"

He paused irresolutely and looked at the younger man anxiously.

"I think I am warranted in believing there is no one else in the case?" interposed Frank hastily, and with a sudden fear in his eyes.

"No, no; you have a clear field, Captain Ellsmere," Hastie assured him at once; "but——" Again he paused uncomfortably. He knew he could not let any man engage himself to Lellie without first telling him of the mystery surrounding her birth, and yet the dread of the effect it might have, made the task a difficult one. Suddenly he thought he saw a way out of his present difficulty. He would make one more desperate effort—alas, how many he had already made—to find some clue to Lellie's real parentage. "Look here, Ellsmere," he added, with quick resolution; "will you wait a week or two before I give you a decided answer on this business?"

Ellsmere looked a little surprised as he answered—

"For myself, sir, I am willing enough to wait, if you suggest the delay as a trial of my feelings; but it will be a little hard on Lellie, I think."

"Oh, you have spoken to her then?" questioned Hastie, with a clouded face.

"Only so far as to justify me in coming to you sir."

"Wel, then look here, Ellsmere, you may tell her that I thoroughly approve, and all that sort of thing, you know; and we shall be very pleased to see you as often as you care to come. But, on the other hand, will you delay making the engagement public for—say a fortnight? Don't acknowledge it as a settled thing. So that, at the end of that time, should either of you wanted to draw back, you can do so without causing any scandal. Oh, I know it's a queer thing to ask of you; but I have very good reasons, which I will explain to you when the fortnight is up!"

Ellsmere, with a conscience not very clear on the score of his past, was compelled to submit with the best grace he could to what he regarded as a term of probation; and by-and-by, when Lellie came to him, blushing, dimpling and altogether bewitching in her new happiness, he utterly

forgot the conditional nature of the engagement in the pleasure of the moment.

Mrs. Brinkton was very gentle and tender towards her darling in this new state of affairs, Lellie's happiness recalled her own young love so vividly. She was a little surprised, though, at the girl's choice. It was strange, she thought, that Lellie should chosen such a conventional man of fashion as Captain Ellsmere. She tried once to sound her on the matter.

"What are Frank's hobbies, dear?" she asked gently. "What are his particular tastes? You must find out, and make them yours too. There is room for only one set of fancies in married life, and a husband and wife with opposite pursuits and likings are bound to drift somewhat apart even in spite of a very sincere affection."

Lellie looked puzzled.

"I don't think he has ever told me of any particular likings, mother," she answered slowly. "Sometimes, when I get warm on a subject in my usual mad way, he sits and listens to me until I catch him smiling, and then, when I stop, he laughed at me, and calls me an enthusiast. He told me once, when I was vexed with him for laughing, that when I knew the world as well as he did I should know how hollow and deceptive everything was in it, and that I should find out there was nothing in it worth getting enthusiastic about."

Mrs. Brinkton sighed.

"I hope you will never find that out, Lellie," she said quietly—"I hope you will never grow cold and cynical, my child; better almost be out of the world altogether than in it with such notions."

"But he only talks like that to keep me in order, you know, mother," answered Lellie quickly, fancying she detected some sort of reproof for her lover in the gently speech. "I suppose I am very violent in my expressions of like and dislike. Frank is never like that, you know. He is so nice and gentle in his ways that I don't wonder at his amusement over my hot-headedness. I wonder," she added thoughtfully, "if he has ever had a great sorrow to tame him so? Sometimes I think he has."

But Mrs. Brinkton made no reply. Secretly she thought Captain Ellsmere had not heart enough in him to understand the meaning of the expression "a great sorrow," but she could not tell Lellie so. The conversation had produced the impression on her mind that Lellie's fancy, more than her love, had been caught by Ellsmere's fascinations of manner and person, and she was half inclind to hope, for the child's sake, that her lover might refuse to fulfil his engagement when he heard the whole truth.

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS about 4 o'clock on a hot June afternoon, and the rooms at Burlington House were unusually crowded. The Brinktons had been in the galleries only half an hour, and Mrs. Brinkton was already exhausted.

"Find me a seat, Hastie," she said, "and I'll wait while you and Lellie go and do your usual worship in the water-color room. I shall be all right resting, and I wouldn't upon any consideration take you away without letting you have a glance at your adored ones."

Lellie demurred to this arrangement for some time, but the argument ended, as their arguments usually did, in Mrs. Brinkton having her own way, and being left in the coolest place they could find in the sculpture gallery, while the others went off to the water-colors.

Sitting there quietly musing, Mrs. Brinkton presently became conscious of the watchful observation of a gentleman who had been hovering about her in an undecided manner for some minutes before she noticed him.

When her glance met his for the second time, something familiar in his appearance struck her, and she looked again, this time with a little inquiry in her gaze.

But she moved her eyes away at once, feeling sure she was mistaken; she had no recollection of a stalwart man with sombre brown eyes and a short fair beard.

The gentleman on his part evidently came to a different conclusion, for when he met the glance of inquiry he at once crossed the room to her side.

"See what it is to outlive the memory of one's friends," he said, with a gleam of amusement at her mystification. "Time has been kinder to you than to me, Mrs. Brinkton; you have changed so little during the past eighteen years, that I knew you at once."

"Lord Mavis!" she exclaimed in a burst of enlightenment, as alluded to his length of absence.

He dropped into the vacant seat at her side with a quiet laugh of assent.

"How changed you are," she went on, looking at him critically—"very changed, all but your eyes! And yet they are changed too—more sober than they used to be?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling at her friendly interest. "I've had a good deal to sober me since we parted. Besides, I'm getting on in years, you know—quite an old fogy, by George!" I was barely out of my teens when you last saw me, and now—well, details are tedious, especially personal ones."

"Hastie and I have often spoken of you, and wondered what kept you out of England so long; we guessed it was trouble of some sort. We've heard of you from Lady Tolverton sometimes, but we had almost given up all hope of seeing you again."

"I was rather of that way of thinking myself until quite lately," he returned quietly, watching the never-ceasing stream of people passing through the turnstiles as he spoke. "When I left home I had determined never to come back again. I suppose the story was town talk, so I needn't mind telling you that when Kate Forsythe threw me over I went an awful cropper; I thought my heart was broken forever, and so on. It took me a good time to rid myself of the notion too. However, it's all done with now. Still,"—with a short half-contemptuous laugh at his own expense—"I don't think I should have had the nerve to come back and face civilization again if actual necessity had not compelled me. My mother's brother died last January and left his place in Sussex to me, so of course I was bound to come home and look after things a bit."

"I see," said Mrs. Brinkton comprehendingly; "and how long have you been home?"

"Landed at Plymouth from the steamer yesterday morning; got to town last night; saw a notice of one of Hastie's pictures in the *Times* this morning, and thought I would look at it before I plunged into business."

"Here they come," she whispered quickly. Sit quite still, and see if Hastie will know you."

His lordship moved a little way off, and did as he was bidden—at first, because he had been desired so to do, and afterwards, because he was too engrossed in observing Lellie to think of anything else.

They had picked up Ellsmere on their way through the rooms, and Lellie was the picture of animated happiness as she came across to where Mrs. Brinkton was sitting.

Lord Mavis's first thought of the girl went no deeper than her mere prettiness of form and feature, but presently he saw her eyes deepen and soften as she asked Mrs. Brinkton if she felt better for her rest, and he said to himself—

"The child has a heart; she is not a pretty puppet with well-trained emotions executed to order—I wonder who she is?"

The next instant he heard her address Mrs. Brinkton as "mother," and with an overwhelming rush of long-forgotten memories, he realized that in all probability that red-faced infant of cannibalistic tendencies, whom Kitty had shied at on the Tipton roadside, more than eighteen years ago, had developed into this bewitching maiden, with the tender mouth and the honest blue eyes.

For the next few minutes Lord Mavis sat as if in a state of mental and physical petrifaction, from the enormity of his surprise at this result of his practical joke.

He literally held his breath as he gazed incredulously at Lellie, and altogether behaved in such an eccentric manner as to attract the attention of Ellsmere, who leant forward to speak to Mrs. Brinkton, and put himself between Lellie and the offending stranger.

"I think you have got a madman for a neighbor," he said, none too quietly, with a glance which pointed his remark unmistakably. "We had better find you another seat."

This drew Brinkton's attention to his lordship, and an instantaneous recognition followed, to Ellsmere's astonishment.

"You scoundrel!" cried Hastie, wringing his friend's hand warmly, "to sit there and make a butt of me! Lellie, this is Lord Mavis; you've often heard us speak of him. My little girl, Mavis."

And Lord Mavis found himself shaking hands with this wonderful creature, and assuring himself by the heartiness of his clasp, that she was indeed flesh and blood, and not an illusion.

"Have you and mother been quietly contriving this joke between yourselves?" she asked, smiling at him radiantly.

Then Ellsmere's name was mentioned, and the two men acknowledged each other's presence with some stiffness.

"Let us get out of this crowd," Brinkton said, when the surprise and pleasure of the meeting had found full expression. "You must dine with us to-night, John. Oh, hang the morning coat, man! I don't mean to let you out of my sight until you have told me all about everything."

"Stop a moment, old man," protested his friend, as Hastie linked his arm within his; "I've come here, and bought a catalogue, on purpose to see your picture; and now I am here I may as well do it."

Brinkton turned to Lellie.

"Take him, Lellie," he said with a smile. "I don't feel equal to doing that picture again to-day. We'll wait here. Mind you are not long, though, or I shall come and fetch you away."

"Will you come?" asked Lellie, turning to Ellsmere.

"Thank you," he murmured politely; "but I should only be a drag on your artistic raptures; and I have an appointment for five o'clock, if you would please excuse me."

Lellie looked at him questioningly, but his face was as unruffled as usual. She must have imagined the sarcasm, she thought as she walked away with Lord Mavis.

During the week they had been tacitly engaged Frank had not once shown temper; she could not believe that he had meant to do so now.

Besides, there had been no reason for his doing so, she argued, in happy ignorance of that stare of undisguised admiration with which Lord Mavis had greeted her appearance.

That was a delightful half-hour for his lordship. Try as he would, he could not persuade himself of the reality of his present impressions.

Now and again, when Lellie's attention was fixed upon the canvas, he took the opportunity of examining her closely out of the corners of his eyes.

The more he looked at her, the more wonderful it seemed to him that she, the disowned little creature he had saved from a pauper's cot in the Tipton workhouse, should have blossomed into this elegant and distinctly intellectual young woman. When at last he began to convince himself that such indeed was the case, he felt a sudden pride in the share he had taken in bringing about this result, and a sense of pleasant proprietorship stole upon him.

"I was the first to find her, anyhow, and 'finding's keeping,' as we used to say at Rugby," he argued to himself complacently, forgetful that he had argued very differently eighteen years before, when he had decided to hand his treasure-trove over to his old friend's care.

Before he left the Brinktons' house that evening, he had managed to pave the way for future intimacy.

"You don't know what a pleasure it has been to me to drop upon you like this, Hastie," he said, when at last, warned by the lateness of the hour; he felt compelled to make a move. "I was quite dreading my return to the old places, fancying I should feel an outcast and a wanderer after being away all these years; but, by George, when I look at Mrs. Brinkton and you it is difficult to believe I have been away at all."

Brinkton laughed.

"You were always given to flatter, John. Do you remember how you gushed over my wife when you first met her at Clewster? I recollect how you wrung my hand, and told me I had married an angel—wings and all."

Lord Mavis, remembering how his opinion of Mrs. Brinkton had influenced his after-conduct in the disposal of a certain incumbrance, flushed slightly as the incident was recalled to him, and, looking up, he met Lellie's eyes bent on him with beaming pleasure.

"Miss Lellie acquits me of flattery," he cried, smiling back at her. "She is of the same opinion as I was then, and am still; aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Lellie gravely, "except as to the wings. Mother is as near an angel as she can be; but I don't think she possesses an apparatus for aerial flights."

"I wish I did," returned his lordship. "I would fly down to Sussex to-morrow and be back here in time for dinner in the evening. I shall be awfully lonely down there, with no one to talk to but the land-steward and the local lawyer."

"We shall be very glad to see you if you can get back, you know, John," said Brinkton.

But Lord Mavis shook his head.

"When they once get me in their clutches, they won't let me go under a week at least," he responded dolefully.

"Well come whenever you can get away. Make this your head-quarters as long as we are in town. Nell will arrange a room for you——"

"No, indeed," interrupted his lordship decidedly; "I could not think of such an arrangement. But if you will let me drop in when I like, on the chance of finding you at home, I would be greatly obliged."

"Come just whenever you please, dear boy; we shall be always glad to see you," said Brinkton, and his wife echoed the welcome warmly.

Lord Mavis left the house with the intention of appearing again as soon as he conveniently could—the day after next, if he could possibly get away from Sussex.

He had enjoyed his evening thoroughly, and he was anxious to repeat the pleasant experience at the earliest opportunity. He was a bit of a bull-dog in this way, and, having once made up his mind to do a thing, he generally went straight at it. So it followed that the next week saw him very often in Half-Moon Street, and very seldom in Sussex.

He knew by this time exactly what his feelings were towards Lellie. He acknowledged to himself that he had fallen head over ears in love with the child—he, a staid, middle-aged man of thirty-eight, who ought to have felt a father's affection rather than a lover's passion for the pretty creature.

At last Mrs. Brinkton, anxious to spare him a second disappointment, seeing how things were going with him, spoke out and led him to understand upon what footing Captain Ellsmere stood with them. That day Lord Mavis took the afternoon mail down to Brinkton; having wired on for a conveyance to be sent to meet him from Maylands.

"Just my usual luck!" he muttered as he threw himself back petulantly in the railway-carriage. "In all my life I've never seen but two women I could care for. One throws me over at the last minute, and the other goes and gets herself engaged to an empty-headed coxcomb before I get a chance. What an idiotic old ass Mrs. Brinkton must have thought me; but I'd have made the child happy, though—yes, by Heaven I would!"—and he brought his hand down upon his knee emphatically.

He laughed at his own energy the next instant.

"You can spare your vows until they are wanted, you fool!" he said to himself. "What a spoil-sport I must have been all this week! What an officious beast the girl must have thought me, with my baskets of roses and other things—always hanging about her too, when I dare say she was wishing me at the bottom of the sea or anywhere out of the way!"

This thought was altogether too crushing, and he dropped his head upon his hands with an audible groan of self-contempt at his past blindness in not having seen for himself how matters stood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—It is remarkable that all those princes who have sat on the throne of England, and have espoused princesses of France, have not only been unpopular with their subjects, but have come to an untimely end; for example, Edward II., married to Isabel, daughter of Philip IV., of France, murdered in Berkeley Castle; Richard II., married to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. of France, murdered in Pontefract Castle; Henry VI., married to Margaret, daughter of Rene, Duke of Anjou, murdered by Richard III.; Charles I., married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, died on the scaffold.

SAVAGE HAIR-CUTTING.—The Nagas, an Indian hill tribe, are distinguished by a peculiar head-dress, the plumes in which are by a mechanical contrivance caused to revolve; and they are no less remarkable for their method of hair-cutting. The artist, who holds high rank in his tribe, disdains scissors—to say nothing of hair-brushing machines. Beneath the lank, luxuriant locks of his customer, he inserts a dao (hatchet or knife) whereupon he pounds with a wooden mallet till the edge comes through. The process is primitive, but we are assured that the result would do credit to any professor.

FLOWERS AND HOURS.—It is said that the strange and beautiful costume prevailed among the ancients of using flowers and fruit to denote each hour of the day: The first hour, a bouquet of full-blown roses; the second hour, heliotrope; the third, white roses; the fourth, hyacinth; the fifth, some lemons; the sixth, a bouquet of lotos; the seventh, lupins; the eighth, some oranges; the ninth, olive leaves; the tenth, poplar leaves; the eleventh, a bouquet of marigolds; the twelfth, heartsease and violets. And if they wished to appoint an hour to meet any one, they would send the emblem of that hour.

A LADY'S AGE.—Some "horrid man" has invented a formula by which a lady's age can be determined exactly. However, as it requires the co-operation of the victim herself, one need not complain if she falls into the trap. In order to prevent her from being lured on, we print herewith the formula. Tell the lady to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will tell you her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822; she is 22 years old, and was born in the eighth month (August.)

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.—A book published in 1832, thus speaks of Australia: "There it is summer with them when it is winter in Europe, and vice-versa; when the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burnt for firewood; where the swans are black and the eagles white, where kangaroos, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its forepaws and three talons on its hind-legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry grows with the stone on the outside."

WHERE THEY COME FROM.—The power of Shakspeare over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases, and even his slang, have become incorporated into our language. Among these are "bag and baggage," "dead as a door-nail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bedfellows," "to boot" (in a trade), "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge), "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "packing a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild-goose chase," "scare-crow," "luggage," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of a joke), "your cake is dough." The girl who playfully calls some youth a "milksop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakspeare, and even "doggerhead" is of the same origin. "Extempore" is first found in Shakspeare, and so are "almanacs." Shakspeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato, or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance.

ONE of the wisest of the many wise sayings uttered by Marcus Antonius was "expect little of men." The great Stoic even tells us to take for granted that every day we shall meet forward or mean or offensive persons, and he bids us forgive them, and try to win them by kindness. Pretended kindness will not do, for the most unwise of people detect the falsity. If you school yourself into harboring constant thoughts of kindness and charity, you cannot fail to please.

CHANGED.

BY M. B.

We feel our love has long grown cold,
And yet we dare not own
That, day by day, a silent change
Has o'er our spirits grown.
We see it, though our eyes the while
Are blinded by our tears;
With words of former tenderness
We strive to mock our fears.
But we are changed. We are not one,
As we were once of old.
Oh! would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold!

We've struggled hard against our fate,
Our hearts still warm to keep,
As wax-worn men strive with the cold
That numbs them into sleep.
We have not let one unkind word
The bitter truth reveal—
The world knows well, must never know
What both of us now feel,
That we are changed. We are not one,
As we were of old.
Oh! would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold!

Bound, like the felon bound of yore,
Unto the lifeless clay,
Linked to a love long dead, that shows
Each moment more decay,
In secret we must hug our bonds,
Till death will set us free.
I weep, my wife, to think that I
Have forged these chains for thee;
For we are changed. We are not one,
As we were once of old.
Oh! would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold!

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

"WILL you put it here?" he said, as they stood for a minute in the hall while he divested himself of his overcoat.

Maud colored slightly.

"It is too sweet to be wasted on the desert air of the hall," she said gently. 'I will put it in my sitting-room if you will excuse me."

"May I go with you?" he said, with a little smile. "I have never penetrated into the mysteries of that apartment yet."

"Have you not? Then do you look upon it as a Bluebeard's chamber?"

"Rather in that light. Do you keep the relics of your rejected suitors there?"

"Come and see," Maud answered, with her pretty, sorrowful smile, and they turned out of the hall into a short passage, at the end of which was a door which Maud opened, and then preceded him into the room.

It was a small room, simply but prettily furnished, and Lord Dereham glanced around it with something of the same eager interest with which Maud had looked all round the library at the Castle on her last visit there, so many long months ago.

Simple as the pretty room was, it bore many tokens of the refinement and artistic tastes of its occupant.

Maud's davenport stood in the window, which looked over a little shady nook of the old-fashioned garden: there was her work-basket on a little table by the hearth; there were wall-flowers in a quaint gray bowl beside it.

The fire was of wood, and burnt cheerily on the open hearth, while the quaint Dutch tiles reflected back the red glow.

Over the mantel-piece was a large photograph of Gwen in a beautiful old, chased frame.

It was the only likeness the room contained, the earl noticed, as Maud pushed forward for him the only large armchair the room held.

"Well," Maud said in her pretty, sad voice, "is the den at all what you expected?"

"Not at all. I fail to see the relics," the young fellow said, looking at her with a smile as she stood by the table putting the white lilac into a tall ruby vase.

"Oh, they are all locked up in the davenport."

"You are more skilful than Bluebeard was at concealing them," he remarked, and then the smile died away, and a softened look came into his eyes as they rested on the photograph in its chased frame, on which a gleam of wandering sunshine fell.

Maud's eyes followed the direction of his, and her lip quivered a little as she carried the ruby vase and placed it just under the portrait.

"Did papa tell you that he was thinking of going abroad?" Maud asked, as she seated herself in her little chair, and looked over at him gravely.

"No," Lord Dereham said quickly, turning with a little start towards her. "Is he doing so?"

"Yes; he is talking of going to America."

"To see Gilbert?" the earl said.

"Yes, to see Gilbert," Maud answered, "Gilbert—did I tell you?—is thinking of getting married?"

"Married?" the young man echoed.

"Yes," she replied quietly, but carefully avoiding to meet his eyes. "The letter came yesterday, and papa is anxious to see his intended daughter-in-law."

"Is she an American?"

"Oh, yes, born and educated in New York. She has never been in Europe, Gilbert says, but she is very charming."

"And young."

"Yes, twenty-two."

There was a silence; Maud was bending her head over some work she had taken from her workbasket, and there was a painful little flush burning in her cheek.

A sense of shame, intense shame, was upon her as she remembered her brother's guilt and cowardly evasion of his punishment, and the exile which Arnold Graeme bore for him, while he lived in ease and comfort in one of the most luxurious cities in the world.

The earl was thinking of this also, and his face was grave and thoughtful, and his eyes sad and meditative as they looked at the crackling logs and the quaint Dutch tiles on which the blaze shone.

Gilbert it was true, had never returned to England since the time he left soon after Graeme's escape.

He had not come back to see his sister before her death or follow her to the grave, he had remained away; but with him exile meant a very different thing to what it meant for Arnold Graeme.

To the one it meant travel, dissipation, amusement of every kind, a desultory following of the art he had studied, and life at its best and pleasantest.

To the other it meant absolute loneliness and separation from all the friends of his earlier years; it meant a secret pursuit of the art he loved but in which he could now no longer hope to achieve name and fame; it meant going about in fear of every man, and living without intimate friends in comparative poverty, since the small income which he dared not apply for was lost to him by his flight, and he depended for his daily bread on the earnings of his brush, and that these were sufficient for his needs was due chiefly to the earl's foresight in making arrangements with a picture dealer at Madrid to purchase any pictures Arnold offered him, on his account.

Ah! to the solitary painter in the old Moorish city, exile meant a very different existence to Gilbert Kinsley's, in his rooms at the Windsor Hotel, Fifth Avenue.

And yet surely it seemed like mockery! Gilbert was guilty, and Arnold was innocent!

"You will accompany your father?" Lord Dereham said at length, breaking the silence which had grown painful and oppressive, and in which Maud fancied she could hear the beating of her own heart.

"I?"

Maud lifted her eyes for a moment in mute, astonished reproach, and the red spot died away from either cheek.

"I? Oh, no; I am not going."

"You do not wish to see your sister-in-law elect?"

"I do not wish to see Gilbert," she replied very coldly, for the question hurt her.

"And you stay here alone?"

"Alone?" Maud echoed. 'The house will be full of faithful servants, and papa is going to ask Doctor Harrison and his daughter to live here during his absence."

"And you are satisfied with the arrangement?"

"Oh, yes."

"And Doctor Kinsley—is he willing to leave you?"

"Perhaps he thinks a wilful woman must have her way," Maud said, trying to smile.

"But what excuse have you given him?" the earl asked in a puzzled tone, thinking how strange her refusal must seem to the father who loved her, and whose constant companion she had been since Gwen's death.

"My health," Maud answered quietly.

"Your health?" he echoed anxiously, looking at her.

"Yes. I told him I was not strong enough to undertake the voyage."

"And he?"

"Agreed with me," the girl answered, looking over at him with a smile in her pretty, sorrowful eyes, as he sat, pale and startled, looking over at her with eyes full of anxious love.

"But, Maud," his voice was broken and shaken by his emotion, "you are not ill, dear? you do not look ill."

She leaned her pretty head against the tall back of her chair, and smiled a little as she held up her hand to the firelight, and saw how frail and thin it was.

"No, I am not ill; only not very strong, and oh, so tired," she said, with a sudden break in her pretty, pathetic voice; and then again silence fell between them in the cosy room, and the photograph of Gwendoline looked down upon them with grave eyes, and the fragrance of the white lilac filled the air with sweetness, and in the quaint old garden the sunshine fell on the spring flowers, and one daring beam crept into the room, and fell softly on Maud's golden hair.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRESENTLY Lord Dereham pushed back his chair, and stood erect, rather impatiently.

Perhaps he had forgotten for the moment the circumscribed limits of the room in which he was, and fancying himself in one of the large rooms at the Castle, wished to try his favorite remedy for restlessness pacing to and fro.

There was no room in Maud's tiny den for such exercise, and he stood still, looking down upon her with sad, kind, eager eyes, before which her own sank.

How frail she looked; how was it he had not noticed it before?

She was thin; all the pretty rounded lines of her figure had disappeared, her face had lost all its bloom, and was colorless as marble, while its contour was far more clearly defined than it should have been in one so young.

The little, idle hands lying in her lap were thin to emaciation, and there was a strange, startling likeness to Gwen about her which made his heart sink with a terrible fear.

Could it be that she too would fade away and die, and leave him desolate and alone?

It was many minutes before he could speak to her, and even then his voice was husky, and strained, and shaken with emotion.

"Maud," he said gently, "I have been patient, I have been very patient, dear, but I cannot hold my peace any longer. You remember what your sister's last words to me were? what the promise I gave her on her death-bed gave me a right to do?"

Her eyes met his with a swift, startled glance, but she said nothing.

"You have not forgotten," he went on, looking down at her with passionate dark eyes, which told her even more than his troubled voice and his broken words, how deeply he loved her, "that she gave you into my care; that she told me to take care of you, and that I promised that I would do so. How can I keep my word, dear? How can I keep my word unless you will let me, and you will not? I see you lonely, delicate, suffering, and I have no power to help or comfort you. I cannot bear it! You are killing yourself, and I am not able to lift a finger to prevent you."

He was stirred out of his usually languid calm; there was not a trace of languor in his voice, and his face was very pale and earnest.

Maud's face was very pale now, and her hands were trembling a little as they lay loosely linked together on her lap.

"Of my own love for you I need not speak," he went on earnestly. "You know its strength and devotion; you know that whatever life has in store for you, I can never care for any other woman, that without you my life must be solitary and lonely and unblessed. But it is not of that that I would speak to you now, dear. I won't plead my love, it would be useless, you would not listen, it would only offend you; but I plead your own loneliness, your ill-health, your sorrow. Maud, is there to be no end of this? Is there nothing I can do to make your life brighter and happier. See, dear!"—he knelt down beside her and took her hands in his—"make use of me in some way, treat me as if I were an elder brother with plenty of money, whose only wish is to make his little sister happy. Dear you know I am rich, and my wealth is all worthless to me now, unless you make some use of it. Try to think of me as a brother, Maud, rich, and old, and loving, and find some way in which I can help you and make you happy again."

The girl looked at him grateful, with her sweet eyes dim with tears, but she could not speak, she was too deeply moved. Under her crape trimmed dress her heart was beating fast and furiously, with a passionate joy and triumph. He loved her; he loved her still, after all. All that long year's absence and travel, her supposed engagement to Arnold, her changed looks, Gilbert's shame, nothing had influenced him through it all. He loved her still, and because he loved her it seemed to Maud that much of her pain faded in that brief moment.

"You hear from Graeme still?" the earl said in his kind, sad voice.

She shook her head.

"He does not write?" Lord Dereham exclaimed in surprise.

"He has not done for some months, not since we lost Gwen," Maud said in a low tone. "Before that time he wrote sometimes, not very often, but since then we have not heard from him."

"And you hold yourself still bound to him?" the young man said in much agitation.

"Yes," she said simply, and at the little word softly and simply spoken, Lord Dereham rose from his knees and relinquished the little hands he held.

"You have written to him?" he asked leaning against the mantel-piece and looking into the fireplace in which the logs had burned low and grey.

"Yes."

"More than once?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"And in his last letter did he say nothing to you about releasing you from your engagement?"

"No. He has never written to me but as a friend," Maud answered wearily. "He, as you know, never considered me bound to him."

"He told me so," the earl said in a low tone. "But you?"

"I am bound to him."

An irrepressible exclamation of pain broke from him, and Maud shivered a little in her low chair by the fire.

"Maud!"—the young man had left his station by the mantel-piece, and stood beside her, looking down with pleading, passionate eyes at the fair young face, "how is this to end? Is all your life to be wasted in this miserable waiting; he will never—he told me so firmly when he went away—let you share his exile, he can never, without betraying Gilbert, return to England. You are so young, dear, and all your life is before you; is it to be a wasted life, my darling, through mistaken generosity, your mistaken nobility in wishing to pay a debt you have not incurred? Is it to be a lonely life, Maud, when it might be blessing and bless? Are your beauty and sweetness, and all those things for which we love you, to bless no happy man and make his life happy, and better, and blessed? Oh, love, do not turn from me. I am not pleading for myself but for your happiness, which is dearer to me than my own."

Her eyes were upon his face, intent and questioning and startled, her face was white as death, her hands were cold as ice in his warm clasp. He went on passionately, his voice still shaken by passion and pain and love.

"If you care for this man, Maud—if you have any other feeling for him but friendliness and gratitude—if you care for him at all in the way a woman should care for her husband, let me make things thing easy and happy for you both. I am so rich, dear, and my wealth is so useless to me, and so little of it would enable you to live with comfort in that quaint old town where he has found a refuge. And if you love him—that he loves you we cannot doubt, Maud—I can conceive no happier life for you both than your life there under that favored sky. You will need no friends, you will regret nothing while you love each other and are together."

She had taken her hands from him silently, without removing her eyes from his face, where they rested with the same intent look which slowly changed into wondering admiration as he went on.

"If you will, Maud, I will make it easy for you; I will speak to your father, he trusts me, I have much influence with him, and I will make it easy for you to join your lover, dear, and your happiness shall be my best reward. Tell me, shall it be so, dear? This life is killing you, and how can I stand by without making an effort to save you?"

The wondering admiration deepened in the sweet, wistful eyes, the color rose in the fair face.

The girl was trembling and thrilling in every nerve; she felt proud and yet unworthy of the love of two such men so unselfish and noble as Arnold Graeme and Ivor Berke.

And yet their love for her had but brought misery to them both; to Arnold it had brought loneliness, poverty, and exile; to Ivor it had brought the bitter pangs of a love which he did not think was returned; to both, therefore, it had brought unspeakable pain and sorrow.

Yet, notwithstanding all, they loved her, and their love had come unscathed through the severest taste.

"You do not answer me, Maud," the young man said, after a pause, his kind voice still shaken by the passionate emotion he had betrayed, but his manner more composed than it had been.

"How can I?" the girl said, her voice thrilling with mingled pain and pleasure. "What would you have me say?"

He looked at her in amazement: she met the questioning, surprise glance without flinching.

"You ask me if my life is to be a wasted one," she said quietly; "and if to be lonely is to be wasted I answer, 'yes.' It must be a lonely one," she added, as she rose a little wearily, "since I am bound to a man who cannot be to me anything but a friend; of whom I can never think without shame and contrition. You see," a little wildly, and stretching out her hands with a pathetic gesture, "even he shrinks to bind his life to mine, knowing my brother's sin, my brother's shame! Ah, those were ungenerous words," she continued hurriedly, raising her hand as he was going to speak, and arresting the words on his lips. "It is not because of Gilbert that he shrinks, it is for my sake only. Again and again I have written; offering to keep my word to him, but he has always refused; kindly, delicately, generously; and now perhaps his silence is meant for a refusal, a decisive one. But I am bound to him; nothing but death could part us. Nothing but death!" she repeated drearily.

"Then if that be so," he said, with a forced composure, "why not grant my request? Why not let me get your father's permission to take you to him?"

"He—Arnold—would not wish it; he would not permit it."

"A woman who loved him would not wait for permission," the young man said, with sudden passion. "Maud, what is the meaning of this? Is it true that you do not love him? Is it true that it was gratitude urged you to plight him your troth? If it is, be honest with me, and tell me if in the days to come I could ever take the place he refuses to occupy?—if you could even care for me enough to become my wife?"

He caught her two little shaking hands in his and pressed them close and tight against his throbbing heart.

"Do you love him, Maud?" he said, in a low, intense whisper.

"I am bound to him," she said, with white lips.

"Bound to him! He deems you free. Maud, for Heaven's sake, let there be no more deception; tell me the truth, my dear."

"What truth? What truth?" the girl said wildly, her hands struggling in his, the powerless, poor, little, frail, weak hands in his strong clasp.

"The truth of whom you love. Is it only because you do not love him that you do not go to him, Maud? You are not a woman to be daunted by poverty and privation if you loved. Do you remain here because, not only you do not love him, but—no, let me keep your little hands for a moment longer my darling — because there is someone whom you do love?"

At the question the girl's heart leaped

within her.

A sudden, beautiful light rose in her face, giving back to it, for moment, all its lost beauty.

"Ah, do not trifle with me!" he urged passionately. "I have have had strange, mad thoughts about you during these last sweet, happy, miserable months; aye, and those other months when I was so far away from you. I have thought that when you rejected my love you did not know your own mind; that, even on the day I told you of it, my darling, in spite of your coldness, your defiance, your rejection, you loved me a little even then. Something in your voice, some look in your dear eyes saved me from despair, even then."

Her hands were passive in his now; she had ceased to struggle; her head drooped forward on the bosom of her black gown.

"And since then, although at first your own announcement of your engagement to Arnold Graeme made almost despair, when I learnt the truth of his generous self-devotion, even then I could not quite despair. His own words, saying you did not love him, gave me hope in spite of myself. I went abroad; I traveled; I tried to think of you as Graeme's promised wife—as his wife even, for I did not know what might have happened during that year of voluntary exile; but always that look in your eyes put all my better resolutions to flight. I could not believe you did not love me!"

"I have promised—I am bound! Let go my hands," the girl said faintly, brokenly, in the voice of one spent with bodily pain. "How can you tempt me to break my word?—to desert him when he is not here to plead his own cause. Oh, Ivor, you are cruel!"

"Cruel to you," he said tenderly. "Maud, think how you have made me suffer all these months. Oh, Heaven forgive you if, when you sent me from you long ago, you loved me."

"Will you go?" she said faintly; "will you go? I cannot bear this scene! Ivor, be pitiful and go."

He loosed her hands and stood erect; but although he no longer detained her, she did not move.

She was trembling and pale as a corpse—the power of movement seemed denied to her; motionless as a statue, she stood in her long black gown, with the stray sunbeam in the gold of her hair.

For a moment there was silence, then she forced herself to speak: her voice was very low and weak, like the voice of one suffering from severe physical exhaustion, but it was almost steady.

"If I have made you suffer, I am sorry," she said. "By-and-by you will forgive me, and think of me more kindly. But I am bound to him. I told him that, until he sent me back the ring I gave him, I should hold myself bound to him, and when it comes back to me I know that he will be dead. That he is generous and noble is no reason that I should be base and weak—that I should take from him all—his life, his honor, his love—and give him nothing in return! He will keep my ring while he lives, and that ring binds me to him as faithfully as if it were a marriage token. It is not much to do for him who has done so much for me."

He hesitated in silence, then turning from her he crossed his arms upon the mantelpiece and laid his head down upon them with a long, low sigh, and as he did so, it seemed to Maud that the eyes of the portrait of her sister in the chased frame looked down reproachfully at her, as if she were wounded at the suffering of one whom she had loved.

When, after a long interval, Lord Dereham lifted his head, his face was very pale in the strong, clear, spring sunshine and his mouth was stern and set under his dark moustache.

"Forgive me," he said quietly. "I won't distress you again. I ought," with a little languid laugh, "to know how to bear my pain better without making a melodramatic exhibition which would do credit to the boards of the Olympic! Try to think mercifully of me when I am gone, Maud, will you not, and—for it will be many months, perhaps years, before I return to England—you will say good-bye to me kindly, dear, will you not?"

He held out a strong hand to her as he spoke; with all his efforts he could not help it trembling; but Maud, with a sudden movement, put her own to her heart and stood staring at him with eyes full of terror.

"Will you not say good-bye, Maud?" the young man said still very quietly and very kindly. "Will you not wish me God speed? What, not one word—not one look! Is that kind, dear? It is you who bid me go!"

"I who bid you go!" she repeated after him dumbly, with white lips, feeling that if he went he took her life with him.

"Maud, must I go? If you will only tell me that you love me I will stay. Only that, dear. I will not ask you anything more just now. Only that you love me."

Her eyes had not left his face, and had they not been so strangely dim, she might have seen it change from sadness to hope, and then into sudden, passionate, triumphant love.

He caught her in his strong, eager arms, and held her to his heart, which throbbed tumultuously against her shoulder.

"Maud, must I go?" he whispered, while his dark eyes, all aglow with love and triumph, looked into hers. "Must I go, dear? Ah, you have no pity; you are a statue, a woman of ice; you have no heart; you do not care how much I suffer!"

He took his arms suddenly from around her and turned away.

The girl made no effort to detain him; she could not do so; she could not think, she could not reason, she could only suffer; as the support of his arms was withdrawn from her, she sank down on the chair from which she had arisen, and let her head fall upon her hands, and the solemn stillness of the room was broken suddenly by a storm of sobs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE struggle was hard between what Maud regarded as her duty—faithfulness towards the absent Graeme, and the promptings of heart to accept the proffered love of the Earl. It was long, this contest of faith based on gratitude, and affection founded upon worth, and no wonder the poor brain-distracted girl found it difficult to decide.

But there was enough in her hesitation and apparent doubt to encourage Lord Dereham to ask for at least some expression that might give him hope, or dash it from his grasp forever.

And out of his persistence, his reward came. Finally, whether in the clearer light of reason unclouded by her romantic loyalty to the distant artist, or because the feelings in her bosom for her noble lover, refused longer suppression, she consented to wed Lord Dereham, if within a certain time they heard nothing from Graeme. Thus taking it for granted he was dead.

As if the fates had suddenly become propitious in this respect, and ranged themselves on the side of the unhappy couple, it was now rumored that Graeme had passed away.

Not plain and direct was the information forwarded, but through some channel that while it left little doubt of its truth, could scarce be traced to the fountain head. The letter was from a Mr. Clifford, and with it came the ring.

It was enough, however, for Lord Dereham, and he claimed from Maud the fulfilment of her promise. She tried to have him postpone it, to wait for further confirmation of the story, but he would not be put off. So with the quiet taste that marked both their lives they were married.

After the usual round of festivities abroad and at home, Lord Dereham took his young wife to London. She had never been presented at Court, and the proud husband determined that at the very next Drawing-room she should have that honor and pleasure.

The preparations were of course splendid for the great event, and the result justified all. Never had a fairer lady than she who was evewhile Maud Kinsley, bowed her head to England's queen, before the assembled beauty and nobility of the realm.

After the ceremony and they had withdrawn into one of the vast apartments reserved for the visitors, Lord Dereham temporarily left his wife, one of a handsome group surrounding a well-known Duchess and leader of fashion. All the men were noble-looking, and the ladies fair, but of the latter, none shone so peerlessly beautiful as the youthful bride.

When he returned a little while subsequent, he was surprised to see an unwonted commotion among those with whom he had left his wife so gaily conversing. Quickening his footsteps, and naturally apprehensive of some ill, he found himself among them only to note that Maud, in a dead faint was lying in a lady's arms. With the assistance of some of the gentlemen, and accompanied the Duchess, she was carried into an adjoining room, where after strenuous exertions, she came to.

"I am so sorry, so ashamed," she murmured confusedly, when, on recovering from her heavy swoon, she looked up with dim eyes into the duchess', who was bending over her.

There was a pleasant, pungent odor in the quiet room where they were, the windows were open, and Maud felt her face wet with water and Eau-de-Cologne, while the cool air from the open windows came refreshingly to her, bringing with it reviving power and strength.

As she raised herself, slowly and feebly, from the couch, she found that her husband's arm was around her and that her hand lay passive in his.

Instantly and quietly, but with a decisive movement, she withdrew her hand from his and lifted herself from his supporting arm, and it came upon the earl with the force and suddenness of an unexpected blow that she shrank away from him with a strange significance.

The duchess was too much occupied with her guest to notice the sudden pallor and consternation which overspread the earl's face.

She was vexed and sorry at the contretemps which had occurred, but she was profuse in her offers of assistance and restoratives, while her maid, a grave and stately person, stood by with the smelling salts and aromatic vinegar and salvolatile, from which Maud turned with a sinking heart.

As if any of these could help her, could charm away the pain at her heart which would never leave her again while life lasted.

Ah, if that swoon had only been death!

"You are over-tired," the duchess said gently, as Maud stood up, supporting herself with her little shaking hand upon the sofa. "This has been a very fatiguing day! But, indeed, you must lie still for awhile, and Beecham shall bring you some tea, and——"

"Please do not; I am quite well now," Maud said eagerly. "And I ought to apologize humbly for being so foolish, but I could not help it."

She turned to the earl suddenly.

"If you please, I will go home now."

"I think that will be the best arrangement, duchess," Lord Dereham said quietly. "If you will allow me, I will order the carriage and take her home. It has been, as you say, a tiring day."

"Drawing-rooms are most fatiguing things," the duchess said languidly; "and only the very strongest of us are equal to them. Do you really feel better, dear Lady Dereham, and equal to the effort of going downstairs and home?"

"Oh, yes, quite equal," Maud said eagerly, and as her husband offered her his arm she was obliged to rest her hand upon it, lest her refusal to do so should attract her grace's notice.

But the earl felt, with a quick pang of apprehension and dread, that she accepted from him only the support which was absolutely necessary to her failing steps; that her hand lay passive and cold when he touched it with his own; that she kept her eyes downcast, and that she made no answer to his tenderly-whispered questions, but kept her sweet, pale lips firmly closed, as if she had a secret to keep.

He saw, too, that as soon as they were alone in the carriage on their way home, she shrank away from him into her corner, where she lay back with closed eyes, and her white cloak wrapped round her, so still, and silent, and motionless that he once or twice feared that she had fainted again; but when he gently touched her, she shrank still further into her corner and turned her head away, so that only the delicate profile and the glitter of the diamond stars in her hair were visible to him, and the earl's apprehension deepened.

What had happened, he wondered, to change the loving, gentle woman into this frigid statue of ice, whose eyes only seemed to have life in the cold, still pallor of the beautiful face?

The drive was a short one, and Maud was still trembling and faint when they drew up at their own house, and she dared not refuse her husband's assistance, lest she should not have strength to climb the white stone steps to the lighted hall.

"I will go to my room," she said in a low tone in answer to the earl's question; and with the same careful tenderness he led her up to the dressing-room, where Harwood was waiting, looking a little startled at their early return.

"Your mistress has been ill," the earl said quietly, as Maud sank into a low chair before the fire and held out her hands to the warmth, the poor little shaking hands in their white suede gloves. "I think some tea will be the best for her."

Harwood hurried off, and Lord Dereham bent towards his wife.

"You are cold, my darling," he said gently, but she made no answer, and only turned from him with a languid gesture of distaste, which brought a sudden, angry flush into the young man's face, as he stood erect looking very haughty and stern for a few moments; then his face softened into pitying tenderness. Maud would not have been so capricious had she been herself, he thought kindly, but she was overwrought, and tired, and ill; he must be gentle.

Their married life hitherto had been cloudlessly serene. No shadow had fallen upon it; they had been perfectly united, and friends in the truest sense of the word, and if the earl had had any secret sorrow, he had concealed it cleverly enough to deceive the even loving eyes of his wife.

The thought of any disagreement between them was one full of pain to Lord Dereham, but he never suspected for a moment the real cause of his wife's change of manner.

He hardly knew to what to attribute it. For one brief moment he had wondered if Maud were jealous and vexed at the little flirtation with which he had amused himself, but the next he repudiated the notion with contempt: Maud was too sure of her power and of his love.

Harwood brought in the tea, and, approaching her mistress, offered to remove her cloak; but Maud made a gesture of refusal.

"I am cold," she said, with a shiver, and crouched again by the fire, shivering in her fur wraps in the fragrant, lighted and warmed room.

"You may leave us," the earl said quietly to the maid, and although Maud lifted her head suddenly as if about to speak, she did not countermand the order, and the woman left the room, wondering a little at something strange and unusual in her mistress's manner.

Lord Dereham poured out some tea, and brought it to his wife; she took it in silence, without a word of thanks, and drank it silently; she felt that she wanted all her strength for the interview which was before them, and her strength was so little. Poor Maud! She had proved already how weak she was, where he was concerned; when she put down the empty cup her hand shook like a leaf.

"Do you feel better, my dearest?" he said, very gently. "Shall I send for a doctor? You are so white and you look really ill!"

"A doctor could do nothing for me," she answered coldly; "unless he could blot out the last hour of my life, and give me back what I lost during that time."

"What you lost!" he repeated, looking at her in startled amazement, fearful for a moment that she was not conscious of what she said, but the next words, while they reassured him as to her sanity, drove every shade of color from his face.

"Yes; what I lost! My faith in the man of whom an hour ago I was proud, and glad and happy to call my husband, but to be bound to whom is now my deepest shame."

"Maud, are you mad? Do you know what you are saying?" he exclaimed, looking at her in amazement.

She rose wearily, catching at the back of her chair for support.

"Mad! Would that I were!" she said, with a dreadful laugh. "I should not suffer then as I do now."

He looked at her in silence for a moment then going to her side, put his hand gently on her arm.

"My dearest, what is this?" he said, with the softest tenderness of tone and manner. "How have I vexed you? How have I angered you? What have I done?"

She looked at his hand as it lay upon her arm for a moment without a word; it seemed to have stilled her anger for a moment, the passion had faded out of her eyes, but they were dark with pain as she raised them for a moment to his.

"What have you done?" she repeated coldly. "Ask yourself."

"I have loved you but too well," he said quietly; but there was not a vestige of color in his face, and his eyes did not meet hers.

"You loved me," she repeated bitterly, "when you could wrong me so?"

"Wrong you?"

"Yes."

His hand dropped from her arm; he moved away from her.

"Wronged you! How have I wronged you?" he said in a low tone of pain, and glanced round the room for a moment, as if he looked for explanation there.

Her eyes followed his; she looked around the room, so exquisitely furnished, so beautiful, so luxurious; the toilet table, with all its costly adornments, the great jewel case, which Harwood had been arranging when their entrance disturbed her, and which still stood open, with the fire and candle light shining upon its glittering many-colored treasures; the arched opening in the wall which led into the stately bedchamber, with its hangings of old gold plush; her own figure in its costly robes, with the diamonds glittering round her white throat and in her hair, and the pale, set face, which seemed to have lost its loveliness, and to have grown old and gray, and haggard, and bloodless all at once.

All these beautiful things were his gifts to her. He had taken her from comparative lowliness and poverty, and raised her to high rank and great wealth; he had given her much for her love!

Had she any right to be angry because he had deceived her? Had he not purchased her allegiance? Was not obedience from her his right? His right won by a lie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ART OF THINKING.—One of the best modes of improving the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch the manner in which a great mind views a great question. It is right to study; not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to our mind. It is a more superior habit in some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general so their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and a particular truth at once leads to general truth. This kind of understanding is an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without any attempt at classification or arrangement. Some men read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its appearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding must, I suppose, depend a good deal upon the understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation—others, little with it; some are fountains, others reservoirs.

A SHIP'S LOG.—In nautical tales you read about the ship's "log." Do you know what that means? The log is a piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim upright, with about two thirds of it under the water. The log-line is a small cord, the end of which is fastened to the log, while the other end is wound round a reel on the ship. The line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distance; while the time is measured by a sand glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray line. The log-book, sometimes called "the log" for short, is the record that the proper officer keeps of the speed of the ship from day to day, and of any and all matters that occur that are deemed worthy of note, of the wind and storms, and especially of ships that are sighted.

A PROMINENT novelist, is credited with sending a ponderous door key to a friend with this message:—"This is the key to one of the very best boarding houses in Philadelphia. I am sorry I have forgotten the address, but if you try the doors until you find the one this fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one."

WHAT SHALL I SAY?

BY G. W.

What shall I say? How answer this?
O letter, little thing you seem
To wake me up from girlhood's dream
To thoughts of full life's woe and bliss,
To make the laughing rill a stream!

Shall "No" be answer? Shall I fear
The love so humbly offered me,
Looking into the years to see
A heart grown cold, life sad and drear,
The glad sun set in misery?

Or shall I answer "Yes!" Put by
All doubts, all fears of future woe?
I will, I will, because I know
My heart speaks best that makes me cry:
I love him so! I love him so!

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI—(CONTINUED.)

THERE is no question of revenge in the matter," he answers impatiently. "You needn't think quite so vitely of me. You were incensed and deeply hurt at what you so unfortunately overheard that morning—naturally enough, I confess—and you resented it bitterly, as any girl would do, I suppose. There is no more to be said. There is no use in harking back, Yolande. We began wrongly, and we went on worse, and I thought the best thing to do was to cut the Gordian knot of miseries and misunderstandings at once."

"The best for yourself, you mean," Yolande says frigidly. "Well, is there no more to be said, as you say?"

"I don't think there is," Dallas replies gloomily, but looking at her with a fire in his sombre eyes, and slowly dragging his moustache through his fingers — "except that I hope you will forgive me, or try to forgive me, for all the unintentional wrong I have done you."

"Never, until you atone for it!" Yolande says curtly and bitterly.

"How can I atone for it?" Dallas asks, in a low tone, moving some books and papers restlessly about on the table.

"If you cannot tell, neither can I!" Yolande retorts sharply. "Even you must admit that I have humbled myself sufficiently. I have followed you uninvited, and found you unwelcomed, and—and showed you, in spite of all slights, neglect, coldness, cruelty, how I felt——" Her face is crimson, her hands are burning hot and icy cold by turns, and she is trembling visibly from head to foot, as she turns away abruptly and hurriedly reclasps her mantle and adjusts her hat. "I haven't a grain of what women call 'proper pride,' I suppose," she goes on more hurriedly, entangling her trembling fingers in her ribbons. "But I can't go until I ask you, Captain Glynne, why you refuse to accept the allowance which the law gives you—legally your very own, you know, under your marriage-settlement—and permit my trustees to add enough to that sum to enable you to live differently from this?"

"Oh, this is good enough for me!" he says carelessly. "I was very comfortable until the new manager came. He is a rather unbearable sort of person; but I have no doubt that the proprietor, Mr. Daville—he's a Parisian-American speculator, a very rich man, and not half a bad fellow—can get me another post if I throw up this one. By-the-bye, now I think of it, Daville used to be an acquaintance of the noble Earl's."

He sees Yolande's waiting wistful gaze, and smiles a little softly, and his voice falters for the first time as he looks at her long and earnestly—his own fair young wife, who loves him. No, he cannot doubt that she loves him as truly and passionately and jealously as ever—poor little girl! Gentle, fiery, loving, true-hearted Yolande! His own fair young wife, strangely fair and sweet and graceful and lovable in his eyes now, who yearns for one word of tender invitation to throw herself into his arms, and lavish wealth and luxury and comforts on him with both hands! The temptation is strong—terribly strong—too strong to be altogether withstood.

"I don't think it will do me any harm to earn my bread honestly, Yolande," he says, with an unsteady laugh. "I could not live in useless lazy dependence on your money, you know; and I have left the Army, and I wasn't fit for anything else. This isn't a very bad berth. I've been in much worse," he adds, laughing and shaking his head.

"I see," Yolande rejoins, making a fierce effort to be cool and calm and steady, and to smile in the careless manner in which he is smiling. "I—I—am glad you are so comfortable. You have your liberty—that is the chief thing. Will you be offended if I—without telling any one—send you some money from myself? It won't hurt you, and it will please me. Will you? May I?"

"I would rather you did not—thank you all the same for your generosity, Yolande," he replies, looking down at the carpet. "If I were in a different position, I should not mind; but, as it is——"

"I see," Yolande interrupts. "If you were rich, my generosity, as you call it, would not be so unpleasant. Well, I had better go now. I have done no good either to you or myself—only intruded on you and taken up your time.

"No, no! Don't say that!" Dallas says irresolutely. "There can't be any question of intrusion between us—husband and wife, I was going to say; but we are not that. You must know that I am glad to see you; and I thank you for your kindness."

"You thank me for my kindness," Yolande cries, flaming with anger and passionate reproach—"your own wife!—for I am that until you divorce me."

Dallas laughs faintly, and his face flushes, and his lips tremble under his heavy moustache.

"I sha'n't divorce you," he says, huskily, laying his fingers lightly and caressingly on her soft white arm, where it peers out exquisitely fair above her long tan glove. "And you are tempting me—very hard you are tempting me. I know I owe you atonement. I begin to believe I could make it to you."

His hand clasps her arm tenderly and warmly, and he comes close to her side.

"Do you know," he half whispers, "I believe you are almost the only one in the world who has been faithful——" He stops abruptly, and, after a pause, asks in a slightly constrained voice, "When you said (or did you say? I forget) that you did not know where I was until you got my address from Lady Pentreath, you did not mean that you thought I was in America—you knew I was in London?"

"I knew it this evening—of course not before," Yolande answers briefly. "I heard from Lady Pentreath that you had returned quite a long time since. I knew nothing of it—how could I? Neither your mother nor I heard anything since that letter you wrote to me from New York twelve months ago. If Lady Nora had heard anything of you she would have told me at once, of course; she knew how—I felt."

Her husband's grasp has tightened on her arm while she has been speaking, but he has averted his head. At the last trembling words he turns round quickly, and, seizing her in his arms, strains her to his breast.

"Kiss me, Yolande!" he says hoarsely and passionately. "My dear girl! My poor girl, it would have been well for you if you had never seen me nor heard my name."

"Oh, no, no!" said Yolande, clinging to him in unspeakable joy, and pressing her sweet lips to his face. "If—if—if you cared for me only a little, I should be the happiest girl in the world! I love you so much!"

"Do you?" he says, clasping her closer and caressing her head, with its coils of soft brown hair, which is pressed to him, her hat being flung aside somewhere. "Then be the happiest girl in the world, darling! I care for you very much—more than for any one else in the world!" Dallas says earnestly.

She clings more closely to him, and with her face hidden and her cheek close to his, whispers again—

"But there was some one you loved, you know."

"I know there was," Dallas admits. "But you needn't be jealous, Yolande! I know I made rather a fool of myself in the past; but it is in the past, I swear to you! And my future is yours, my dear girl, and I will atone to you for that past, if you trust me. Will you, darling?"

"Yes, yes—indeed I will!" she cries, gasping in glad eagerness. "And you are coming back to me again? Oh, Dallas! Oh, dearest, dearest!"

"Yes, I will come back to you, Yolande dear, since you are willing to take me," Dallas answers humbly, ashamed of himself for having so doubted and wronged this true unwavering love. "And we will begin again, dear—shall we?—have a proper honeymoon, you know. The first was a beeswax, gall-and-vinegar—there wasn't an atom of honey in it. Eh, my little wife—shall we?"

"Yes, love," the girl murmurs, wondering in her vague dreamy happiness if this is not all some delicious vision of her own fond imagining.

"We will go to Switzerland, darling, and find some nice out-of-the-way place up in the mountains, where I believe one does subsist a good deal on honey, and rolls and coffee, and pastoral fare of that kind—eh, Yolande?—spend the long hot days in the pine-woods, you doing crewel-embroidery—or pretending to do it—and I lying on the moss at your feet, reading poetry to you—Tennyson, Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Gerald Massey. I know how it's done! I've watched honeymooning couples ever so often;" and Captain Glynne laughs heartily as he kisses his young girlish wife again and again, and his spirits rise at the thought of the pleasant prospect so near, so sure, for him and for her.

But Yolande does not laugh: the weight of her happiness oppresses her—or something does. A chill hopeless feeling, as in stepping into cold shadow out of warmth and sunlight, seems to fall over her.

"Whatever you please, wherever you please, so that I am with you, so that we shall not be parted ever again!" she mutters, pressing his hands against her heart.

"You are too fond of me, child!" he remonstrates half sadly, half laughingly; and then he moves restlessly and looks at the door, and Yolande drops her arms, which have been clasped around his neck.

"This isn't your own room, dear?" she asks timidly.

"No dear; it's the manager's," Dallas answers hurriedly, in a low voice; "and I would rather he did not see you. He is a cad of a fellow.

"Then had I better go away?" she asks meekly, but with a sudden pang as she realises that Dallas is anxious for her to go. "And when am I to expect you?" she asks, after waiting several moments for an assurance on this point. "Late, dear, I suppose? Poor fellow!"

"Late?" he repeats, staring. "What do you mean? To-night, my dear girl! I cannot leave here to-night! I sleep in the hotel, you know!"

"Well, when?" she asks, biting her lip nervously and flushing. "I thought I understood——"

"My dear, I cannot leave my situation at a minute's notice in that manner!" Dallas explains rather sharply, for the necessity he is under annoys him just at the moment. "I must give formal notice, and wait until my successor is appointed."

"How long?" she asks, feeling the dark chill shadow growing colder and deeper each moment. "A week?"

"A month, dear!" Dallas replies, in the same sharp hurried manner. "Now you must go, Yolande; I hear that fellow Davison's voice. Hang it, here he is!"

The door is opened roughly and unceremoniously, and a tall, showy, "flashy"-looking man with huge black glossy moustache and bold wolfish eyes enters the room and crosses over to a writing-table.

"A thousand pardons, Dallas!" he says, with a smile at Yolande—a smile which is a leer—and a nasty bow. "Just a little matter of business—gone in a moment—sorry to intrude, I'm sure."

And he glances keenly and appreciatively over the top of the paper in his hand at the young girlish face and form, the shy eyes and flushed cheeks.

"It is I who should apologise for the intrusion, Mr. Davison," Dallas says icily. "I took the liberty of bringing Mrs. Glynne—my wife—in here for a few minutes' conversation, as this room was the only one unoccupied."

"Mrs. Glynne," the manager repeats, bowing and smiling, and curling the ends of his moustache. "Never knew you were married before—never knew your name was Glynne," he says curtly; "knew it wasn't Dallas from something Daville said."

"You knew wrong then; it is Dallas—Dallas Glynne," the other says, with a frigid smile. "We mustn't intrude on Mr. Davison, Yolande. I will put you and your servant into a cab.

"Pray don't! Pray don't on any account let me be the means of driving Mrs.—er—Glynne away!" interposes the manager, quickly stepping before them, his white teeth gleaming through his thick red lips and his glossy black moustache. "I'll run away if you move—'pon my honor I will! I hope Mrs. Glynne will favor us with a good deal of her company"—this very insinuatingly.

And, as Dallas, with Yolande clinging very tightly to his arm, perseveres in moving towards the door, Mr. Davison stoops to coaxing.

"You surely won't let your wife go without some refreshment, Dallas? Nonsense! A glass of champagne, or an ice, or a cup of tea, or something! Which will you have, Mrs. Glynne? You will give me the pleasure of ordering something for you, won't you, since your husband is so ill-natured?"

"No, thank you; I don't wish for anything," Yolande replies politely, smiling and bowing an adieu as Dallas hurries her out of the room.

Mr. Davison looks after them, and the skin on his forehead wrinkles into two horizontal furrows which bring his thick black oily hair down near his eyebrows.

"That stuck-up beggar with his dashed airs!" he mutters savagely. "Hanged if I don't think my lord Dallas thought I wasn't good enough to be introduced to his wife! Hanged if I think she's his wife at all! She doesn't look a bit like it, hanged if she does! Engaged to him maybe—some swell girl that fool enough to run after him now when he's down on his luck—stuck-up beggar! A dashed sight better off than he deserves! Told Daville so. The fellow's not worth his salt; but I'll make him earn it if he's going to stay here! Told Daville so. Daville knows what I am, I guess!"

* * * * *

"My dear, you must not come here again on any account," Dallas says gravely, as he holds her hand at the cab door; "I cannot have you run the risk of meeting that infernal snob again! We will write to each other, and arrange a place of meeting some day."

"Very well," Yolande responds quietly, "some day" sinking like a weight on her heart, so glad and warm with hope a few minutes since.

"Good-bye, dear, now," he adds, with a hasty backward glance. "Those fellows are all staring at us; they haven't seen me taking a tender adieu of a pretty girl before!"

He rather wishes she would not kiss him—she can tell that in some intangible way—but without a word she does put her lips to the cheek next to her, for she feels that tears will burst out with words.

And the cab drives on; and so ends another of Yolande's happy dreams.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE dull presentiment of a boding trouble that has suddenly fallen upon Yolande hangs about her and follows her every step of the way home to the house in Rutland Gardens. Nay, it gets out of the four-wheel cab with her—

> "The bosom-weight, the stubborn gift
> That no philosophy can lift"

—and stands close to her side as she waits a moment for the door to be opened.

There is rather an unusual delay in this being done, as if "the liveried menial" whose principal duty consist in reading the daily papers and opening the hall door were so deeply absorbed in the one duty as to be oblivious of the summons to attend to the other.

Yolande notices that a few persons seem loitering on the pavement near the house and over the way and watching her with glances of interest.

But the moment the door is opened by the younger footman presentiments are merged in reality.

"What is the matter?" Yolande asks, involuntarily stopping short on the great square mat.

"Master's not very well, ma'am," the young footman replies, with eyes—wide open in dismay—that say much more than his mild phrases. "He—he was brought home—Mr. Sarjent came home with him, ma'am—in a cab, and the Doctor's just come——"

"An accident! Oh, poor uncle!" Yolande cries, her conscience reproaching her as she thinks how little she has known or even thought of her poor old uncle's whereabouts or his welfare all this evening, absorbed as she has been in her own heart-troubles.

"No, ma'am," the footman answers; "it's not exactly an accident; but he didn't seem quite himself, Mr. Sarjent said. Mrs. Sarjent's here too, ma'am; and just as they were bringing him in——"

"He was took with a fit on the very spot where you are standing, ma'am," the butler interposes, taking the cream of the story from his subordinate—which act of high-handed aggression the footman resents bitterly for the rest of the evening. "It's a apoplectic seizure, ma'am, Doctor Corder says," the butler goes on. "Mr. Sarjent himself ran for Doctor Corder, ma'am; and now a nurse is sent for, as the Doctor can't say how it will turn out, ma'am!"

Yolande is weeping, and Mrs. Brett is pale with alarm, but pleased to think what an important story she will have to tell Lady Pentreath and her fellow-servants in Harley Street presently.

The butler grows benign and imbued with a paternal dignity, as he sees himself suddenly at the head of the household.

"One minute, ma'am, and I'll send your maid," he says, opening the dining-room door. "It's a terrible shock to you, ma'am, and her ladyship not at home either; but we are all doing what we can, ma'am. Shall I acquaint Mrs. Sarjent with your return, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Sarjent?" Yolande repeats dazedly. "Yes. And where is Lady Nora? Oh, I know! Oh, dear! She is at the fancy-ball!"

"Her ladyship wasn't above ten minutes gone when the poor master was brought home, ma'am," the butler says confidentially. "The carriage is to go for her at two, ma'am, as her ladyship said she shouldn't by any manner of means stay late."

"Oh, dear me!" poor Yolande moans, wringing her hands. "Lady Nora gone for hours, and aunt Keren seventy miles away, and—and—nobody to help me!"

A wild thought, but blissful in its very wildness and boldness, flashes across her mind.

She will send for Dallas. Surely at this late hour his duties must be nearly over; and the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, will help her to bear anything and everything.

Surely he cannot be angry with her—a wife claiming her husband's society and assistance.

Surely his honorable business scruples will not induce him to consider his employer's interests, or any loss for which he can easily repay him, before her welfare, now that she really needs him.

Her heart throbs fast in eager hope; she is ashamed of herself for the thrill of passionate selfish joy that runs through her at the thought that this domestic trouble may be the happy means of uniting them all in the bonds of pleasant family affection—Dallas, her lover and husband, and poor dear aunt Keren, and uncle Silas——

"Mrs. Glynne is in the dining-room, ma'am," she hears the butler say as he opens the door.

And then come heavy footsteps, and the tones of a coarse voice, and the sound of a big, rustling, heavy-moving body, and all Yolande's hopes and wishes and ideas take flight.

"Oh, you have returned, Yolande," Mrs. Sarjent says severely, with a loud sigh, as she enters. "I am thankful that there is one member of the family at home at last. I don't know what I did not think when I came into this house under such terrible circumstances and found no one—not a soul but the servants to give orders, or do anything that should be done! We have been obliged to take it on ourselves, Yolande," the good lady adds, with stiff humility. "Winnot and I have been obliged to send for doctors and nurses on our own respon——"

"Oh, aunt, do tell me how uncle is," Yolande exclaims sharply and impatiently. "Of course you have done everything that was right and kind, and I am very grateful to you. I was dining with Lady Pentreath, and Lady Nora has gone out."

"Yes," Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, in a hollow voice, pressing her lips together as if she never meant to open them again—"to a masked ball. What a place for a respectable matron to go to! A masked ball."

"The good woman knows no difference between a fancy-ball and the wildest rout of the Carnival.

"Can't I go up and see uncle?" Yolande asks hurriedly. "Is the Doctor with him now? What does he think? Mightn't I go up, aunt?"

"Of course you can if you please, child," Mrs. Sarjent answers, with gloomy assurance. "He won't know you from Adam. He's quite unconscious, you know—an

apoplectic seizure, Doctor says. Well, well, go if you wish," she adds, rising with alacrity, evidently gratified at the thought of acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to Yolande when all her "grand" connections are absent, and determined to improve the opportunity to the utmost. "I am glad to see, Yolande," she commences, in a severe sermonising tone, as they go upstairs, "that you do not shrink from the sight of a sick-bed or the presence of death, as worldly folk so often do, absorbed in this vain perishing life," says Mrs. Sarjent, her stiff silk skirts, jet fringes, and bead embroidery all rustling and rattling.

"Oh, aunt, you don't think it is as bad as that—you don't think poor uncle will die, do you?" Yolande asks, crying.

Mrs. Sarjent stands on the step above her and looks down at the weeping girl.

"Indeed, my dear, there's every probability that he'll die!" she replies, with grim decisiveness. "I've seen several taken like him, and I never saw but one taken this way recover. I said so to Wilmot."

"Hadn't I better telegraph for aunt Koren?" Yolande asks, sobbing.

And then Mrs. Sarjent, thinking that perhaps the girl is "brought down enough," as she phrases it to herself, says, with blunt kindness.

"No, child, no! I have written to her to say that uncle Silas isn't well, and that she had better come up to town to-morrow morning; and Wilmot will meet her at the station and break the news to her."

"Thank you," poor Yolande says meekly, realising how greatly she needs one to feel for her individual sorrow and distress.

He who ought to be by her side is far distant, knowing nothing, caring nothing for her sadness and loneliness.

A feeling of anger, miserable and unreasoning, rises against him in her heart, making her yet more wretched than she is.

"Unless he writes lovingly to me—unless he comes to see me—I will not even tell him of my trouble until it is all over," she decides, in passionate bitterness. "He will be sorry for me and angry with himself then—perhaps."

And then they go into the quiet room, with the shaded lights showing the lividly-pale disfigured face lying on the snowy pillows.

Grief and dread at the awful unlikeness to the familiar face she has known—kind as a father's—from her baby-days oppress Yolande's heart with a weight too heavy to allow tears to flow.

With sad fixed eyes she gazes at him, unable even to speak, and conscious only of a dull longing to be left alone with him, to nurse him, and lay those iced bandages on his head, and try to relieve that terrible labored breathing.

But there is a grave business-like nurse already at her uncle's bedside, and Yolande has no place there.

"Might I stay and help you?" she asks timidly.

The nurse looks surprised, but says very politely—

"I don't require any help to-night, madam."

"But might I just sit up with you," persists Yolande, "in case uncle came to his senses?"

"My dear, there isn't the slightest necessity for you to do anything of the kind," Mrs. Sarjent interposes curtly. "Is there, nurse? Of course not! I am going to sit up until after the turn of the night."

"Then I shall sit up too," Yolande declares obstinately. "You do not suppose I am going to go to bed to sleep comfortably when uncle may be dying?"

"My dear," rejoins Mrs. Sarjent, with a pitying smile of superior knowledge, "unless there is a favorable change, he won't know any one again. You had better go to bed, Yolande. You will only make yourself ill, and become another invalid to be nursed in the house," concludes Mrs. Sarjent, in a satisfied business-like tone. "Isn't it so, nurse?"

"Yes, ma'am," the nurse answers, evidently seeing the wisdom of agreeing with Mrs. Sarjent.

Yolande offers no further opposition, but goes away to her own room, changes her dress for a warm cashmere loose gown and a thick vicuna shawl, and about twelve o'clock quietly comes downstairs once more.

The hall lamps are burning brightly, as are the lamps on the staircase—all else is darkness.

Yolande peers nervously into the drawing-room, and the shapes of the furniture and the shadows of the draperies look strange and ghostly in the ray of light from the door.

The chairs, the books and magazines carelessly thrown down, the dainty little tea-service, which has not been removed after being used, with a handkerchief and fan lying beside it—all in the silence and the darkness have a weird look.

Lady Nora's luxurious rooms—the air heavy with perfumes and warm from rich draperies—looks gloomy as a tomb.

There is a queer little "tick-tick" sound beating loudly through the stillness, as sound quite apart from the soft low beat of the pendule on its bracket.

Yolande shivers as she closes the door quickly, and hurries softly down into the hall.

From the dining-room, the door of which stands ajar, comes the sound of voices in low earnest conversation—her cousin Wilmot is speaking, Yolande can easily tell.

She fancies she hears her own name uttered, but does not heed it, as she passes under the large hall lamp to read again the letter she has just written to her husband.

She has repented of her first resolution, unable to deny herself the happiness and comfort of even telling him her troubles on paper, knowing too that, now he is so near, he will surely come at once to see her, if but for a short visit, and she thirsts and hungers for a sight of his face.

She has not asked him to come, or even hinted a wish that he may come unless his inclinations bring him.

It is only a letter of love, of tender regrets that their interview was so short, and the recital of poor uncle Silas's sudden seizure.

"I know you will feel for me, dearest," concludes this gentle little letter from a wife to a husband whose conduct has been far from faultless, containing not one word of reproach, expressed or implied—"you know dear uncle was like a dear father to me.

"Your loving wife,

"YOLANDE."

She slips it back into the envelope, kisses the place his fingers will touch in drawing it out, and fastens down the flap before dropping it into the post-bag which it is the footman's first duty each morning to carry to the pillar-post.

And then quite suddenly the memory of that other letter starts up before her vividly—the first letter she ever wrote to her husband—just as wifely and tender, just as loving and submissive as this one, pleading humbly too for his love and his protection, which he utterly disregarded.

A sigh which is almost a sob rises from the depths of her heart.

She draws back her letter irresolutely, and puts it into her pocket.

"I will wait until to-morrow," she says quietly.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THINGS might have been worse, bad as they are," Mrs. Sarjent is saying in those self-satisfied tones of hers, as Yolande softly enters the room. "It's a good thing now that she hasn't a drag on her in the shape of a good-for-nothing fine gentleman—— Oh, my goodness, Yolande, what a fright you've given me. I thought you were in bed and asleep long ago, child."

"What reason had you to think so, aunt Sarjent?" Yolande asks gravely.

And Mrs. Sarjent's eyelids, with their scanty lashes, blink nervously beneath the cold light of the dark clear eyes.

"Well, my dear, I'm only afraid you'll tire yourself out," she answers in a conciliating tone, fidgeting a little; "and—and—you may have a good deal to try you yet, dear."

The tone is curiously pitying, and Mrs. Sarjent's broad face is full of good nature and sympathy.

Yolande is too resentful of her words and her sympathy to care even to look at her just now.

She hears Wilmot Sarjent sigh as his mother speaks, and she grows angrier.

"Sit in this chair, cousin, won't you?" he says, jumping up and drawing a large easy-chair forward. "It's the nicest chair in the room, I think. We told the housemaid to light the fire before she went to bed, wasn't it a good thought? One gets so chilly sitting up at the turn of the night."

"I am very sorry you and aunt should both think it necessary to sit up and lose your night's rest," Yolande responds stiffly. "I am quite warm, thank you; I do not care to sit so near the fire."

She gets as far away from the big easy-chair as she can, her heart swelling with pain and indignation against Wilmot Sarjent as well as his mother, though he is her own kind good-hearted cousin, who has been a friend to her as long as she can remember.

They have been speaking against Dallas Glynne, both of them, Wilmot Sarjent, with his broad fleshy face and white eyelashes and ginger-colored whiskers, as well as his mother.

The idea of Wilmot Sarjent daring to sneer at Dallas Glynne.

The girlish wife's heart beats fiercely in angry resolve.

They shall see. Within twenty-four hours they shall see Dallas is master here until poor uncle Silas recovers.

She will ask him to sit in that very arm-chair where cousin Wilmot is lolling now, with his legs stretched out before him most inelegantly, and his big clumsy feet displayed to the utmost extent.

She is the heiress of the house, and Dallas Glynne is her lord and master, and they shall see him receive all honor and obedience from her and her servants, they shall see him the head of the house and every one in it.

She smiles scornfully as she thinks how amazed and confounded they will be. How little they dream that her husband is within two miles of her.

How well it is she did not send that letter.

She will write another, urgent, sensible, business-like, stating the exact position of affairs, and asking her husband for his presence and his help.

When once he comes she will keep him, oh, she will keep him. If love and wealth and every comfort and luxury can tempt him to forego his pride and his dreary independence, he shall be tempted.

She smiles again to herself with gladness and tenderness to think how she will tempt Dallas; and, looking up suddenly, she meets again those vexatious pitying eyes, two pairs of them, fastened on her.

Mrs. Sarjent averts hers with a loud sigh, and stares into the fire, and Wilmot averts his with a sudden nervous jerk of his body, and even his big feet go through several spasmodic motions.

"Get your cousin a glass of wine, Wilmot," Mrs. Sarjent says in a compassionate tone.

"No, thank you," Yolande declines curtly. "My maid brought me a cup of tea a little while since."

"A glass of wine would have done you ever so much more good," Mrs. Sarjent says patronisingly. "You'd better have one now Yolande, a glass of good port. No? Very well, my dear; if you won't, you won't then, that's all."

There is silence for several minutes, and Yolande fancies she sees the mother and son exchanging glances.

"I hope I haven't been rude," Yolande thinks; "but I will not bear that tone from aunt Sarjent, pitying me and slandering Dallas, and calling him names behind his back. She is going to say something more unpleasant. I can tell by a glance at her."

For Mrs. Sarjent is coughing little dry coughs, and fidgeting with the jet fringe of her dress, and looking about at the walls and pictures and furniture as if she had never seen them before.

"Your poor uncle has had a great deal of trouble and worry and bother of one kind or another lately, I'm afraid, Yolande, my dear," she begins hesitatingly.

Yolande, slim and straight and picturesque in her clinging dark crimson gown, stands scornfully calm and still, looking at her.

"She is almost afraid of what she is going to say to me," she thinks, her lip curling, her heart beating fast, while her face grows hard and white as marble in haughty resolve. "It is something about Dallas. She is actually going to dare to take me to task about my husband. Aunt Sarjent would meddle in other persons' affairs if she were to be hanged for doing it."

"Of course there's blame to be laid at some one's door, and great blame too, there is no use in saying there isn't; it isn't as if people got no advice, nor warning, nor anything," Mrs. Sarjent begins, in her vexatious, complacent, fault-finding tone, pursing her mouth up and shaking her head.

"Well, never mind that now, mother," Wilmot interposes in a low tone, wriggling uneasily and glancing at Yolande. "It's too late to blame any one now."

"Of course it is," Mrs. Sarjent retorts in a sharper tone, tossing her head; "and you needn't tell me, Wilmot, to be careful to avoid hurtin' people's feelin's. That's a thing I never do; and it's hardly likely, with sickness and sorrow and maybe death in the house," Mrs. Sarjent says, with gloomy relish, "that I'm going to speak against any one. Poor Yolande's got enough worry of her own to bear; only 't's an ill wind that blows no good,' they say, and maybe it's just as well you're not hampered with a husband and a baby just at this time, my dear."

Compassion, sympathy, and curiosity are shining out of Mrs. Sarjent's broad fat countenance as she looks at Yolande with a little pitying smile.

The girl's pale cheeks grow scarlet with rage and then pale with disgust and annoyance.

"What on earth are you talking about, aunt Sarjent?" she demands, with frigid contempt. "I have a husband, I am happy to say," this with her head held very high and proudly, and her eyes shining like stars, "and I have not a baby, I am also happy to say, but I really do not see how that concerns any one else."

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Sarjent says curtly, "if you're going to show temper about it, I won't mention your husband's name to you, never fear. I know it's a sore subject with you."

The good lady can never resist what she calls "giving a cut" when she is provoked.

"All I'm going to say is that, though you're left alone, neither wife nor widow, neither married nor single, and that's a bad way for any young woman to be, maybe it's just as well now, since you'll have others to look after and others to depend on you, and you couldn't do that if you had a husband and a child, or maybe two," Mrs. Sarjent says, warming with her subject, "hanging about you."

Yolande tries very hard to be indignant at this speech, but, in spite of herself, her eyes fill with hidden smiles, her cheeks grow warm, her lips grow tender.

Her own little children, the children of her beloved, the golden-haired baby sons and daughters who would call Dallas "father"!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMONG the rarer operations of what is termed plastic, "decorative" surgery, is that by which a new nose is formed by calling in the aid of the tissue of other parts of the body. This has been done by bringing a flap of skin cut from the forehead down over the nasal bones. The flap retains its connection with the deeper tissues at a point between the eyes by means of a small pedicle, and thus its blood vessels and nerves are not all severed. This flap is not simply pulled down from the forehead—it is twisted at the pedicle, so that the raw surfaces lies on the tones of the nose. Now, for some time after the operation has been performed, any irritation in the nose is referred by the mind to that part of the forehead from which the flap of the skin was taken; and, therefore, if a fly crawls over the patient's nose, it appears to him to be creeping across his forehead. Before the operation, whenever the nerve-ends in the flap were irritated, it was caused by something touching the forehead, and it is some time before the mind ceases to refer such irritation to that part of the face.

Scientific and Useful.

MUCILAGE.—A transparent mucilage of great tenacity may be made by mixing rice flour with cold water, and letting it gently simmer over the fire.

MOTH POWDER.—Get two or three pounds of powdered borax; if necessary, untack the carpets around the edges; sprinkle plentily of borax all round the outer edges of the carpet, and with a feather or brush try to push as much as possible under the edges, and let the borax remain. It will not injure the carpet.

BREAD.—Bread should be covered closely from the air. The pans want wiping once or twice a week, and then heating very hot. The bread must not be put in again until the pan is cold, nor warm bread even covered up. Baker's bread is often found to acquire a most disagreeable smell and taste if these precautions are neglected.

POCKET-WARMERS.—Pocket-warmers are a new device for keeping the hands warm. A warmer is composed of a tin box an inch in diameter and six inches long, holding a fuse of slow-burning material, which burns for more than an hour without smoke or gas. The warmer is put in a pocket or carried in a muff.

BURNS, ETC.—Persons who work in red-hot metals, glassblowing, etc., are sometimes apt to burn their fingers. It is well to know that a solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) promptly and permanently relieves all pain. The points to be observed are: One, bicarbonate of soda must be used; washing soda and common soda are far too irritant to be applied if the burn is serious. Two, the solution must be saturated. Three, the solution must be ice cold.

A MECHANICAL KNOT-TIER.—A native inventor has brought out a machine for tying a square knot with sufficient facility to make the apparatus useful in book-binding. His machine not only stitches with thread, but ties the knots and cuts off. It runs at the rate of forty-eight complete stitches per minute. Its operation is somewhat similar to that of a sewing machine, but the needles do not require to be threaded as in the latter.

PIMPLES.—It requires self-denial to get rid of face pimples, for persons troubled with them will persist in eating fat meats and other articles of food calculated to produce them. The use of gravies or pastry, or anything very rich or greasy, must be avoided. Outdoor exercise must be taken, and a late supper never indulged in. Sulphur to purify the blood may be taken three times a week—a thimbleful in a glass of milk before breakfast. It takes some time for the sulphur to do its work.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Meal will fatten old sheep better than whole grain, as they cannot masticate the grain well with their poor teeth. Sheep dislike to eat meal as it flies up into their nostrils. This trouble can easily be remedied by wetting it slightly, or what is better, cut the hay, wet it and sprinkle the meal over it.

CRACKS.—A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum thoroughly boiled and mixed. Make the final mixture about as thick as putty and it will harden like papier mache.

WEEDS.—There are very few weeds that sheep refuse to eat. The farmer who takes any pride in his sheep will, of course, clear his farm of burrs for the benefit of their fleece. He will have neat, comfortable quarters for the good of their bodies. He will take care of the fine crops that they about half make for him, and deal them out to these great economists with judgment and kindness throughout the year.

HANDLES.—Why not have hoe handles flat or oval like axe handles? With such a handle the workman can strike more accurately and so work nearer to plants because the hoe will not turn in the hands. The edge will wear evenly and the hoe last longer than with the old round handle. The wrist is not so soon tired nor the hands cramped with the flat handle. When you come to repair the old hoes put an oval handle in one of them.

CHOICE HORSES.—Never select a horse having long ears, lined inside with long, straight hair. Do not buy one that is narrow between the ears and between the eyes; or that has flat, round eyes in sunken orbits, and whose nostrils are short and thick; for he will certainly prove a beast of small intelligence, hard to teach, incapable of remembering and liable to be obstinate, just as stupid persons are. And do not buy the horse that is narrow at the top of the head, bulging between the eyes, and has a sunken, dish-like face between them, for he is sure to be vicious and treacherous. But take the horse that has short ears, with short curly hair inside them; that is broad between the eyes and ears, with a regular, straight face and large, thin nostrils; for in him you will find an intelligent, spirited, yet willing servant and faithful friend, if treated rightly.

"MAMMA, what is color-blind?" asked little Nell. "Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." "Then I guess the man that made my geography is color-blind because he's got Greenland painted down yellow."

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Necessity and Invention.

The proverb that "necessity is the mother of invention" is undeniably true; but there are exceptions to it. We are all familiar with inventions, the need of which does not become a fact until the invention itself is almost an ancient thing. To invent is to make such an application of existing knowledge as will create something which did not exist before. To discover, on the other hand, is to bring to light something that was already in existence, although the fact of its existence was unknown. A discovery may be made by accident; but invention always implies design.

The value of an invention is determined upon purely utilitarian principles. There is a saying, which it is plain is a further development of the one we are now considering, which asserts that "every invention is the child of its time." This is nearly, but not entirely true. It is possible for an inventor and invention to be before their time, and so to be wellnigh valueless.

To be of value, an invention must be the outcome of some recognized need, and the fact that most inventions are so no doubt gave rise to the proverb.

If, however, we would understand the meaning of the proverb aright, we must use the word necessity in no narrow or restricted sense. There are physical necessities, and there are spiritual necessities, and they are of equal importance, the one with the other. The statement, "that every invention is the child of its time," implies that the necessities of one age are different from those in the next. As human life grows fuller and larger its needs increase, and the applications of our knowledge to meet those needs increase also.

There is in one of the State museums of this country a remarkable, and perhaps unique, collection of ancient flint instruments. They belong to what geologists call the "Age of Stone," and they represent the first inventions of the human race. Standing by the curious and uncouth weapons, the imagination passes beyond this busy age into the pre-historic times, and beholds man, in the first stage of his civilization, face to face with stern necessity.

A cruel and pitiless goddess was this same necessity to our primeval ancestor. The very beasts of the forest, against whose teeth and claws he had to defend himself, seemed better fitted to cope with her than he. Hunger and cold and nakedness, all these things, which were to be overcome by him, presented few hardships to the brute.

The ape that chattered in the branches, and the tiger that crawled beneath the underwood, were clothed, and had less difficulty in supplying their natural wants than he had. It was a necessity that he should be clothed and fed, and, above all, a necessity that he should find warmth and a place where he might lay his head.

It is the same with the inventions of a later age. Take the art of writing, and the art which has grown out of it, printing. The first attempt to scratch words upon wood or stone is evidence that men had begun to feel the need of giving some permanent record of their words or actions. It is a long, long journey from the scratchings upon stone to the beautiful manuscript, with its wealth of gold and color of mediæval days. But these, with all their beauty, had to make way when the necessity for something more than they could give arose.

A written book was often a beautiful thing, but it took half a lifetime to create, and books were, therefore, costly and scarce. The invention of paper, which gradually caused the use of vellum to be discontinued, assisted to make them less costly, and, in some degree, helped to their multiplication.

The following curious extract from "Philobiblion," a treatise on the love of books, written in Latin by Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, in 1344, will show the sufferings of scholars in days when books were scarce:

"But because everything that is serviceable to mortals suffers the waste of mortality through lapse of time, it is necessary for volumes, corroded by age, to be restored by renovated successors, that perpetuity repugnant to the nature of the individual, may be conceded to the species. For as the bodies of books suffer continual detriment by the combined mixture of contraries in their composition, so a remedy is found out by the prudence of clerks, by which a holy book, paying the debt of nature, may obtain an hereditary substitute."

But the prudence of clerks, at its best, was slow work, and the invention of printing supplied a necessity which the pen was not equal to.

The great law of necessity, which runs through all things, is a stern law to the feeble and the weak; but it is a beneficent and beautiful law to those who can meet it by applying their knowledge to invention.

It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months afterward she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

Seek first perfect physical development, and all other things shall be added unto that. Plenty of exercise and an open-air existence will give the desired strength. An intense vitality, the quickening power of a suggestive imagination, the breezy influences of nature, the study of art, habits of accurate thought and self-discipline, a thorough knowledge of a subject as far as the study has been pushed, a feeling that courage, truth and a high sense of honor are the pillars of character—all that tends to a more thorough physical, intellectual and moral culture—will bring the soul to its highest development.

The nation is a collection of groups more or less numerous, each of which is subdivided, the smallest and primary one being the family. It is not too much to say that this smallest group gives the tone to all the rest. It is of all the most important, for it deals with the very beginnings of life, forming habits and inculcating principles which are to be handed down from generation to generation. The organization, the methods, the ends and aims of a good family are largely analogous to those of a good government. In both those who are supposed by their superior age or wisdom to be the most capable are directors; the others are directed. In both authority is exerted only for the good of the whole, and the largest freedom compatible with just dealings is vested in each individual. In both the aims are protection, education, justice, peace and order.

It is not true that private thoughts affect no one but the thinker. In one sense, indeed, there is nothing truly private—nothing that does not send forth an influence more or less direct upon the world. Certainly thought is all-powerful in this direction. It shapes the life whether we will or not. The strong and earnest thinker is usually the strong and earnest worker, while he who indulges in idle and dreamy reveries will be equally self-indulgent when he approaches the business of life. Pure, sweet and generous thoughts develop involuntarily into purity and generosity of life, while the impure desire or the evil passion that is cherished in the heart can by no means be restrained from leaping into action. Thus it is thought, through the life, that is constantly acting upon the world for good or for evil.

I have at length, says a famous preacher, learned by my own experience—for not one in twenty profits in the experience of others—that one great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may, perhaps, never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature and be no longer pleasure.

Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.

Never be discouraged because good things go on slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits.

To talk about failings or appetites, to parade indulgences or self-denials, is to give them a degree of consequence which is not their due. The regulation of these things is a duty devolving upon each one for himself; but it can be best performed and honored, not by making it a theme for familiar loquacity, but by committing it to the privacy of secret thoughts, resolutions and aims.

Mirth is heaven's medicine—the great rejuvenator. Every one ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety, all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. Let us all take a full measure of it.

No eloquence is so efficient as the mildness of a kind heart. The drops that fall gently upon the corn ripen and fill the ear; but violent storms beat down the growing crop and desolate the field.

Charity likes to come in and supply the wants which would never have been felt had there been equity. An ounce of justice is sometimes worth a ton of charity.

It is related that the late Dean Stanley, on being asked the way to heaven, replied: "You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."

I am a king when I rule myself.

The World's Happenings.

England proposes to tax foreign workmen $25 a year.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, does all her shopping in person.

Paddy's Run Postoffice, Ohio, has been changed to Glendower.

A Spaniard has turned the whole Bible into poetry, 260,000 stanzas.

A fire in a Poughkeepsie, N. Y., ice house, recently, melted 25,000 tons of ice.

In Upper Alton, Ill., there are 187 marriageable young women, and only 18 eligible single men.

"Coal Oil Johnnie" Steele, once a millionaire, is now in jail as a vagrant at Mt. Holly, N. J.

In Neuvo Leon, Mexico, a woman recently gave birth to five children, three boys and two girls.

It cost Lansing, Mich., $50 to convict a 17-year-old girl of the theft of a dog valued at 25 cents.

Four prosperous citizens of New York earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap-dogs of rich women.

They have been experimenting with juries of six men in Michigan, and the people seem to be satisfied.

One thousand men and boys, with 300 dogs, managed to kill ten wolves in an Illinois township recently.

A messenger boy in Mobile, Ala., lost an envelope containing $2,500. It was found and restored untouched.

The heating of cars by steam from the locomotive boiler has been tried with success on several New England railroads.

After an absence of two years and nine days, a pet squirrel has returned voluntarily to its old quarters in Mattison, Mich.

There were nearly 300 more divorce suits begun in Chicago last year than the year before, and 138 more divorces were granted.

A returned missionary at San Francisco predicts that Japan will accept Christianity as its national faith by the close of this century.

An Irish landlord with a rent roll of $3,000 per annum has been obliged to go to the poor-house because he can't collect any of his rents.

The medical colleges of the United States have graduated over 33,000 physicians during the past nine years, and the present rate is about 4,000 per annum.

There are 18,000 operatives engaged in the shirt, collar and cuff trade in Troy, N. Y., and the amount of their wages for a year amounts to nearly $7,000,000.

Ira and Eugenia Watkin, second cousins, he 32 and she 18, eloped from Louisville recently, and were married at Jeffersonville, Ind. The relatives of both are indignant.

A Catskill, N. Y., school teacher attempted to "lick" a colored boy one day last week, but the colored boy whipped him instead, and then they shook hands and "made up."

The boys of the schools of Dunbarton, N. H., are on strike against the further observance of an old rule by which they are compelled to take turns at building and looking after the fires.

An attorney in Rock Rapids, D. T., who applied a vile epithet to a local judge during a trial, was fined for contempt of court and then given a thrashing over the head with a turkey by the insulted arm of the law.

A Buffalo editor was sued recently for libel for having called a fellow-citizen a "Mugwump." In the course of the trial a "literary expert" testified that in his opinion the term was a flattering appellation.

As an instance of the remarkable cheapness of Chinese labor, we note that in Chinese courts of justice witnesses can be hired at ten cents apiece to testify on either side of the question at issue, or on both sides at fifteen cents.

An Illinois woman probably owes her life to an unceremonious tossing into a snow drift, which she was given last week by a party of neighbors. Her clothing had caught fire and they took this means of extinguishing the flames.

On Thursday of last week Rev. Henry Newton, a popular and well-known Presbyterian minister of Union Point, Ga., went to button his clothes, when, to his surprise and consternation, his left arm broke in two just above the elbow.

A Michigan farmer, digging for water, struck a spouting well at the depth of seventeen feet, but the water was unfit to drink. While he was cursing his luck a better posted resident directed his attention to the fact that the black adulterant was coal.

A German in Nanticoke, Pa., recently, it is said, sold his wife and children for $60—$50 for the wife and $20 each for two of the children. The purchaser would give nothing for the three younger children, who, he said, would be a burden on his hands.

The last person to attempt the audacious feat of boarding the lion in his den is a Hudson, N. Y., burglar. The burglar found himself needing a suit of clothes the other day, and, watching his opportunity, stole what he needed from police headquarters.

A Cornell student wrote a burlesque in a ten-cent novel, calling it "Hildebrand the Horrible, or the Haunted Pig-sty," and sent it to a sensational publisher as a rebuke. He was thanked and paid for his contribution and requested to furnish a second story.

A Lake City, Minn., inventor is said to have an arrangement which, by pulling a rope, one end of which is attached to the head of his bed, pours down a sufficient quantity of oats for the horses, lights the kitchen fire and turns on the draught in the stove of an adjoining room.

IN THE DISTANT YEARS.

BY J. A. M'DONALD.

We met last in the distant years,
And parted, ne'er to meet again;
My aching eyes were filled with tears,
My heart was sore with untold pain.
But, though we parted thus for aye,
A lingering hope my heart yet holds,
That we may meet again some day
Ere Death shall shroud us in his folds.

We parted; 'twas the old, old way;
A too well-trusted friend's deceit
Had taken each from each away,
Both hoping nevermore to meet.
He thought that I was false; while I,
Enshadowed under falsehood's spell,
In anger said a last good-bye
To him I once had loved so well.

But now I know the truth at last;
I would I knew he knew the same,
To come to me from out the past
And tell me I was not to blame.
But, ah! 'tis maybe all too late;
That day of joy may never dawn;
I can no more than watch and wait,
And thro' the future years hope on.

In Days of Old.

BY L. M. V.

YES, I will go."

I came to this resolution under the following circumstances—circumstances which, having to do with a ghost story, may possibly interest someone, if only a member of the Psychical Society.

When a mere child, I lost both my parents. Being "nobody's bairn," I was "taken up" and "educated" by a distant relation—*i. e.*, I was placed at a ladies' school, where, as I approached years of discretion, I filled the thankless office of pupil-teacher, in which capacity I did a large amount of work, receiving nothing in return beyond mere food and lodging—nothing of love or sympathy. In fact, till Nellie Hays appeared in the school and became my friend, I hardly knew that the dictionary held such terms.

Nellie was older than myself. She soon left school to keep house for her brother in Kensington. I toiled on, wondering why life had been given me. The future was gray to look in, at the best.

One day the post brought the news of the death of my relative. At nineteen I had to face the world and earn my own bread. I answered an advertisement it which it was announced that a companion was required for an elderly lady. I was successful and obtained the situation.

For the next two years my life lagged peacefully on in the occupation of amusing my employer, who turned out to be a rich old widow living quietly near Maidstone.

One November night I had fulfilled the last duty of the day, which was to read my old lady to sleep. Somehow I felt tired, out of sorts, and, contrary to my usual state of mind, strongly inclined to indulge in a black fit. I was young and longed for some change—anything to break the dulness of my present life.

Early in the morning the housekeeper came to me with grave, awed looks. She had gone as usual to take her mistress a cup of tea, but found that Death had been there.

The day before the funeral came a letter from Nellie Hays, which ran as follows:—

"DEAR GERTIE,—Can you come to us for some time? Old Uncle Jem died last week and has left his property, near Beverley, to my brother Tom, who must remain in London a few days longer. Someone must go down at once to look after things, so you will come with me?"

"Yes, I will go."

A visit to Nellie would rest me after my machine life of a companion—would give me breathing room. I was tired, very tired. The prospect of the pleasure of sitting in the same room as Nellie was pleasant. She was so restful, yet withal so bright and full of life.

I felt that my mind and body required a new impulse. My very blood seemed standing still after only twenty-one years of life. At the mere thought and chance of change, my pulse beat strongly. I began to feel rebellious under the monotony which had hitherto been my fate.

A few days later Nellie and I met at King's Cross Station. We had little time to waste before the train was due. Nellie was one of those rare women who are always in time, but never too early. She hated waiting about, and never could understand the delight of her sex in being twenty-five minutes before the time of departure, or much less the useless vexation in being five minutes after.

Nellie never hurried. Porters seemed to spring up at her wish, and luggage to ticket itself.

She was very independent, though possessing two brothers. She could not "take in" a helpless woman—a woman who could not put herself into a train, or look after her belongings. She was too very undemonstrative, and only vouchsafed to me a brief, "Well, Gertie," when she met me in front of the refreshment room at the appointed hour.

I knew her too well to misunderstand her greeting, so remained quietly standing while she took the tickets and looked after the luggage.

Presently, in the train, Nellie began questioning me about myself, and seemed anything but charmed with the account of my life during the last two years. Anyhow, we resolved to make up for lost time, and to enjoy each other's society to the utmost.

Then she began telling me about Beverley; not that she knew much about it herself. It seemed that the property, consisting of a very old, ramshackled house and a few acres of land, had been left to Tom, her elder brother, by a great-uncle, who had lived in the place in solitary grandeur with one man-servant, who was valet, butler, and stableman; and a housekeeper who had one or two "weneches" under her.

No conditions were attached to the position of this enviable estate. Tom could build, pull down, or sell, as the whim seized him.

Tom, having always lived in London, thought that he should like a country residence to which he could retire when the spirt led him. The whim led him to do this directly he found he was the owner of a country seat. But circumstances over which he had no control, in the shape of extensive law business, detained him in town.

Nothing would content him but that Nellie should go and take possession in his stead, and prepare for his reception.

The day was very grey when we started, but it grew yet more grey before we reached Beverley. Here we found a vehicle of the strangest description awaiting us. It looked like a clumsy 'bus on a small scale. It was drawn by a pair of horses, which looked as if they did not know what a good feed meant; certainly there was not an ounce of flesh to spare between them.

Our Jehu, a very silent being, announced that we had a bit of a way to go, and that the roads were bad.

The bit of the way lengthened considerably, to what we benighted Londoners had conjured up. The roads were bad—so bad that several times it seemed as if we were to be located in the ruts for ages. Road-mending seemed an unknown science in that country.

It grew darker and darker. To add to our misery, the rain came down in torrents, and streamed into our conveyance. We had no lamp, and marvelled how our driver could find his way. We began to think we were hopelessly lost in the wilds of Yorkshire.

It seemed as if we had been jogging and creeping along for endless hours already, and that more endless hours were in store for us, when we stopped with a jerk that threw us right on to one another.

There was the rattling of a gate opening as if it quite objected to the operation. Our vehicle moved up a gravel path, and stopped again with an awful jerk. Then came a woman's voice speaking an unknown dialect to our benighted ears. A door opened, and the feeble light of a tallow candle made the gloom more visible. We tumbled into the doorway, stiff and bruised with the conflicts of the road.

We found we were in a large hall, round which stood chairs of strange shapes, and suits of armor in unexpected corners, while above, the heads of big dogs and foxes grinned down on us.

The woman, who turned out to be one of the "weneches," wended her way to a half open door, and led us into a long low room filled with old furniture and carved seats and chests. For the strange things about us neither Nellie nor myself had any interest just then.

What attracted us was a beautiful fire and supper, for we were intensely prosaic in our several compositions of character. We decided to be civilized enough to "clean up," and asked to be shown to our rooms.

Here the housekeeper put in an appearance, in company with two large cups of tea and a hot smoking cake. To our joy, she "spoke English," as we expressed it—that is, we could understand her, but found it hopeless to attempt to understand the rest of the establishment. Later we found she had served "down South," by which she indicated Stafford.

Tea disposed of, she led us up stairs. The staircase was made of oak, black with age, lightened by a window, which the next day we perceived was filled with old stained-glass from Germany. At the top of the staircase we found ourselves standing in a corridor, which seemed in the darkness to have no limits.

This corridor, the housekeeper told us, ran the whole length of the house. The rooms that had been prepared for us stood just half way down it.

Fires were blazing, candles lighted, and hot water ready. Nellie's room opened into mine, and mine again into a small sitting-room, which Nellie resolved there and then to make her especial "hole." All three rooms had doors opening on to the landing.

Having cleaned ourselves and done away with some of the London dirt, we looked around. The walls were panelled right up to the ceilings with oak as black as the staircase. Four-poster beds, garnished with heavy curtains, reposed against the walls. Cupboards and quaint chests filled every corner. Grotesque china ornaments covered shelves and mantlepieces.

The rooms were so large that it seemed a journey across them. Nellie proposed that we should sleep together, as "it was so eerie." In truth, she seemed almost oppressed. Downstairs we betook ourselves for supper. Surely never supper tasted so good! We began to feel alive, but sleepy; so we resolved to go to bed and prosecute our researches on the morrow. We therefore betook ourselves to the "four-poster" in Nellie's room, leaving a night-light burning close by on a table which stood between the bed and the door leading on to the corridor.

I had slept heavily for some time, when I woke up with a sudden start; then laid still, as if quite expecting something to happen. Nellie was sound asleep. I tried in vain to do the same, but a sort of wakeful expectancy prevented me. I looked at my watch. It was 12.45. Suddenly I felt a thrill pass over me. This was followed by such a feeling of utter horror that it was only by hard self-control that I kept from crying out.

From where I lay I could see right into my own room, as the fire was still gleaming and fluttering. To my surprise, I saw the door between the two rooms close. I rubbed my eyes. In a few minutes it opened again. Then the door of our room leading into the corridor stood wide open—then closed! A cold draught passed through the room. The night-light flickered, just as if someone had passed hastily by; but it did not go out. Just then I distinctly heard the patter of bare feet going away from our room right up the corridor.

The sounds died away, and all was silent. The silence, however, was soon broken by the quick, sharp report of a pistol. Then came a rumbling, like something heavy being half-dragged, half-carried. As it came nearer, down the landing, I could distinguish the patter of bare feet. The noise grew louder, stopped for an instant before our door, then went on, dying away right down the end of the passage.

I could bear no more alone, so awoke Nellie, and told her what I had heard and seen.

"The house is haunted, Nellie!"

Nellie tried to persuade me that I was nervous, overtired.

About 3.30 we dropped asleep, and awakened to find the dull November dawn struggling into life.

The old housekeeper was very anxious, on our descending to breakfast, to know how we had slept. We had resolved to tell her nothing, so said we had never had a better night. She gave a sigh of relief. During the day we explored the whole of the building. It was only two stories high, but the rooms seemed endless, owing to its great length.

The rooms were filled with articles that would have made the eyes of Wardour Street water—old chests fearfully and marvellously carved, tables with such wondrous claws, by way of legs, that it was a matter of speculation how they stood at all, much less for the years they had done so.

Chests and tables were black with age. We sat down in many variedly-shaped chairs, each more uncomfortable than the last, and warranted to give anyone spinal disease. Everywhere we looked we spied quaint china, carvings, old armor, and arms.

It grew quite depressing to enter so many deserted rooms and only to hear our own voices and steps. Upstairs, as we turned to the far end of the corridor, the old housekeeper said there was nothing but an empty room, which was not worth our visiting. But we would see for ourselves.

There was nothing much after all. Only two rooms, much smaller than those we had seen, leading one into the other.

The windows were small and pointed, and the walls seemed of great thickness. The windows looked into the high road. We then went into the garden. It was a wild and neglected wilderness, matching the house. Evidently no care had been bestowed on it for many years; it was laid out in the stiff, hard style of good Queen Anne. Stiff, narrow walls led to summer-houses, now falling fast to decay.

Broken fountains caught the eye, and added to the desolation of the scene. Somewhat to the right of the house stood the ruins of a small chapel, of which the roof had fallen in, leaving only the pillars standing. We could still trace where the altar had been. Desolation reigned everywhere. With care, even late as it was, the old place even to our unexperienced eyes, might be restored. Nellie wondered what Tom would do.

A deep gloom reigned everywhere. Sunshine seemed unknown. Even the shrubs and laurels looked a darker green than in other places. I shivered, and privately wished ourselves in the pleasant house in Kensington. Even Nellie seemed damped for something appeared to be on her mind.

After an early dinner, we made ourselves comfortable by the fire, and passed the rest of the day chatting and in laying plans for the future.

When we went upstairs for the night, there were great fires burning in our rooms, and piles of logs stood ready to replenish them. Nellie lighted every candle she could lay hands on, placing a couple before every glass.

The rooms looked as if we were preparing to make a night of it. On my remarking this to Nellie, she answered—

"That's just it. I mean to see your ghostly visitors of last night, my child. Till I do, you won't get me to credit such nonsense."

We chattered till twelve. I began to feel very sleepy, but not so Nellie. I did not sleep though, nor even doze. Suddenly I felt wide awake, and wished to get up from the depths of my chair, but I was powerless.

Like the night before, a sharp thrill came over me, followed by a feeling of utter horror and expectancy. All I could do was to look at Nellie. She gave one the idea of fighting hard against some feeling which was taking possession of her. All the doors between the rooms had been left opened. These were in a direct line with each other. The fireplace by which we were seated was exactly opposite. A large glass over the mantel-piece reflected my room and the little one beyond it. By a strong instinct, we both looked into this glass. We distinctly saw the doors between my room and the little one close, then open.

Then the door between my room and Nellie's closed—opened. Next the door of Nellie's room on the landing opened—shut. A cold draught made the candles flicker. Directly after came the patter of bare feet going away from us right up the corridor. Presently came the sharp, quick report of a pistol, follow shortly after by a rumbling sound, like something heavy being half dragged half carried. Mixed with this came the patter of bare feet.

Something stopped before the landing door of the room we were in, then went on, dying away at the end of the corridor.

All was silent again. I felt the intense horror and suspense passing away from me. I could not move. I turned to Nellie. She was as white as stone. It seemed to me that we sat in silence for ages. We were roused by the dying out of some of the candles. Nellie replenished the fire, shut the door between the rooms, and then sat down again, still wearing her white look of machine-like horror. We sat thus for hours in silence. At last, wearied out, we threw ourselves on the bed as we were, and slept heavily.

At breakfast Nellie said nothing of our adventures.

The post had brought a letter from Tom, saying he would be with us that day, as he meant to travel all night. To my surprise, I heard Nellie bid the housekeeper prepare the two little rooms quite at the end of the passage for Tom's reception. She spoke quietly, but decidedly. The old servant seemed struck dumb by this order. When she found breath, she urged that these rooms never had been used. In vain she suggested other rooms.

Nellie had fires lighted, and a bed made up in the first chamber. She prowled round the house, taking a chair here, a bit of china there. Having made her selections, she returned to the rooms and arranged matters to her satisfaction. When she had finished, the place looked charmingly quaint—but a bit eerie.

Tom put in an appearance before noon. After dinner we had a stroll all over the house and garden. Tom's opinion on the place was that it was a "queer hole," rapidly falling to ruin, which would probably become quite so before he could save sufficient funds for its restoration. Probably it would be best to sell it. Anyhow, there was no great hurry.

After supper we adjourned to the little sitting room upstairs. Towards 9.30 Tom, announcing that he was "dog-tired," took himself off to bed. We girls remained up as we had made up our minds to watch the results of the night.

We had not said a word to Tom of our adventures, but left him to draw his own conclusions, if he found himself troubled as we had been. Nellie illuminated the rooms as she had done previously. We took up our positions by the fire-place in Nellie's room.

Towards one o'clock over me came the same thrill of horror and expectancy. Everything happened as before—the opening and shutting of doors, the patter of bare feet, the report of the pistol shot, the rumbling as if something heavy was half-carried and half-dragged along the landing towards Tom's room. Then came a long silence.

As the feeling of horror passed away, leaving us our natural selves, our thoughts turned to Tom. Nellie got up and opened her door on the corridor. All was pitch dark. Not a sound came from Tom's room. So we came to the conclusion that he had slept through the visit of the disturbing spirits.

Tom came down the next morning looking heavy and tired. He promptly began abusing us for breaking his night's rest. "It was hard for a fellow who had been traveling all night to be plagued by stupid tricks."

Nellie let him run on, like a sensible woman, and then asked him how he had been troubled.

Tom's account was that he had slept for some time, and was awakened by a feeling that something was going to happen. The room was lighted by the moon, so that he could see distinctly all around him.

He sat up in bed. Feeling a draught, he looked towards the door. It stood wide open. Certainly he had closed it before turning in. In a few minutes it opened again. Then down the corridor he heard the faint patter of bare feet.

"That's the girls," quoth he. "Well; what next? It's too bad to bother me."

Next he heard a rumbling, as if something heavy was being half-dragged, half-carried towards his room. An awful draught swept in. He waited a bit, then got up to see if it were the girls. Tom ended his account by congratulating us on the successful laying of our plans, and begging for mercy for the future.

Both we women were silent with horror. The house was haunted. In turn, Nellie and I told Tom our story. Whereat Tom looked grave, for if the house was haunted, there would be no rest for man or woman therein. If he let it, no tenant would stay for long. He could not hope to sell it in its ruinous condition. Nothing would be left to be done but to pull the old place down.

Tom carefully examined our rooms and his own that afternoon. In the evening we sat upstairs in the little room to watch. Nellie lighted all three rooms with blazing fires and candles, closed all the doors along the corridor, except that belonging to the room we were in.

It was a cold night, so we shut the doors between the bedrooms and the sitting-room. Half-past twelve came, and we began to stretch our ears for every sound. As time went on, the old feeling of horror crept over me. Something made us all three turn towards the door leading into the bedrooms. These stood wide open. A bitter cold draught swept towards us. Tom went out on to the landing, and said the two other doors in the corridor were open.

We collected in the doorway of the waiting-room. Scarcely had we done so, when the patter of bare feet was heard going up the corridor, as if starting for Nellie's room. These died away, and the sharp clear report of a pistol was heard. Then came a rumbling sound, like something heavy being half-dragged, half-carried, mingled with the distant patter of bare feet. Just before us the noises stopped.

We felt a cold draught—so cold that we turned to ice under it. The draught passed away; the noises went on, dying away at the end of the corridor.

Utter silence reigned. Gradually the ice-like feeling and the utter horror passed away. Our senses returned. We could think. We had seen nothing; only felt the utter horror and the icy coldness of a draught.

But whence that horror, and why that bitter cold?

Tom made us go to bed. Nellie begged him not to go to his own room. To humor her, he consented to finish the night on the sofa in the little room. We were up early—that is, we girls. Just before going down we heard a shout from Tom, coming from the far end of the landing. We rushed down. Tom waved us back, but we pressed on.

Tom had brought from town his best-beloved dog, a huge mastiff, Crib. The previous night Crib had slept the sleep of the just in the stable. But evidently the night before he had followed us upstairs unbeknown or had scented his way to Tom's room later.

There, stretched on the ground, laid Crib—dead, as if he had died creeping away from some awful sight. The attitude and drawnback lips of the poor beast spoke too plainly.

From that day we three believe that dogs see more than humans at times.

Breakfast was a mockery, during which Tom said that he had made up his mind to pull the place down. Men were to come in at once.

Meanwhile we were to take rooms at Beverly and watch results. Tom consented to our being on the field of action if we wished it, but refused to allow us to spend another night under that haunted roof. Beverley was only a few miles' drive. The furniture and valuables were despatched to London to be warehoused.

The weather changed from a hard frost into a warm, misty period. We watched the house being slowly demolished. Finally, only two of the rooms remained, and these were Tom's.

They were found to be of a much older date than the rest of the building. The walls were seven feet thick. Tom made up his mind to see every stone of these moved.

The day before this began, he was standing in the outer room with the foreman, who remarked that it was quite possible that some secret room might be found. As he spoke, he pressed his hand on the wall by the window. In doing this he touched a spring, and part of the wall rolled back and disclosed a small room in which were the skeletons of a man and a woman.

On the frame of the man still clung fragments of clothing. Round the waist was buckled a heavy sword; on the feet were heavy boots. Round the skeleton of the woman were nothing but a few mouldering morsels of what once had been a garment. The two were crouched together.

From the housekeeper we learned later that the house was known to be haunted. The Rays' uncle had lived on the ground floor, and never visited any of the upstair rooms. Indeed, till we came, these had not been occupied for nearly a century.

The housekeeper and her assistants only entered them from time to time for cleaning purposes. As this was during the day they did not come across ghosts.

But the story she told was confirmed by the discovery of the skeletons.

During the Civil Wars the house had come into the possession of a fanatic Puritan. He had one daughter, who loved a follower of the fortunes of the Stuarts. One night her lover, wounded and closely pursued, appeared before her in her room, which was the one we had slept in. No time was to be lost. The Roundheads were already in the house. The girl sprang up and led her lover to the end of the passage, hoping that he might escape from one of the windows. As he turned to climb down an "Ironside" perceived and shot him, inflicting a severe wound.

He became unconscious. The girl half dragged, half carried him down the passage to the secret room, which it seems was known only to herself. The lovers never came alive out of their hiding-place. Probably they died of suffocation, or could not find the spring in the darkness—or worse, the lover died of his wounds, and the girl was too full of despair to attempt to save herself from death.

DONKEY parties are the latest thing in the way of a social gathering in Milwaukee. A large silhouette representing a tailless donkey is cut out of paper or cloth and fastened upon the wall. To each of the guests are given a cambric tail and a pin. Then they are blindfolded, one by one, placed in a corner opposite the donkey, are whirled three times around, and then started on a blind search for the donkey, upon which, if they reach it, the tail is to be pinned. If the guest goes in another direction and stumbles against a wall, door, chair, or anything else, there he must leave the tail.

A POET sings: "I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old." We don't see anything peculiar in this. If the poet had a little daughter who was a boy just five years old it would be interesting.

He Never Has.

BY L. C.

THE clock had struck ten, but still Mr. Weydon's pen travelled along his paper, and his brows were wrinkled in thought.

His pretty daughter had been too deeply engrossed in the smart cricketing caps she was making for her schoolboy brothers to notice the lapse of time, till the last stitch was set, and the caps held aloft on either hand to be nodded at approvingly.

But now she flew to the back of her father's chair, and sliding those warm, soft, dimpled hands about his neck, with gentle force drew back his head till she could lay her cheek against his.

"It's no use struggling you dishonorable man! Aren't you ashamed of taking such mean advantage of my abstraction! Look at that clock, sir! Didn't you promise and vow to lay down pen and shut up desk every evening by nine at the latest? You have a whole hour's sin and wickedness to atone for."

"Really; my dear, I forgot——"

"No excuses!" she cried, standing before him with an air of mock severity and uplifted finger. "If you want to be forgiven come to the window and look at the moon while I talk to you."

"Looking at the moon may relieve my eyes but listening to the chatter of a frivolous girl cannot rest my brain!" he retorted rising, however, to obey.

"There's a rude speech for a loving father to make to his affectionate daughter! Shall I be sulky and go to bed? Remember I shall carry the ink with me."

"You wouldn't sleep a wink if you hadn't been allowed to disburden your mind," laughed Mr. Weydon; "so talk on. What's to be the subject of your discourse? Your longing for a new gown or another visit to the Inventions?"

"Am I as selfish, as unreasonable, as your questions imply?" pouted Nell, drawing her favorite low chair a little farther away from the speaker's.

"Child," and now Mr. Weydon's voice was full of suppressed feeling, "you have been a dear, good girl ever since we lost your poor mother; and it is a shame to tease you."

The pretty face was upturned for his kiss and then the father and daughter settled themselves for a cosy comfortable chat in the moonlit bay-window that held Nell's flower-stand and her birds.

"Had you forgotten, papa, that Will and Harry go back to school on Monday?"

"My dear, they have not suffered me to forget it; every day they clamor for something or other that they cannot get through next term without. Unconscionable young dogs! What they do with their fishing-tackle, and cricket-balls and bats, I cannot imagine. As for knives, I am always buying them new ones, and yet they never have one to use."

"But they are very good boys," pleaded Nell. "Most generous, warm-hearted little fellows."

"Generous? yes, my dear, they undoubtedly are, at my expense."

"You are not grumbling, papa?" asked Nell, wistfully; and Mr. Weydon laughed.

"Only just enough to relieve myself. In spite of their demands on my pocket, I wouldn't wish to see my little lads other than what they are."

"That's all right," responded his daughter, with a sign of satisfaction; "so we'll dismiss the schoolboy question and take up a more important one. What are we going to do with ourselves after the boys have been packed off?"

"Do with ourselves? Need you ask? Luxuriate in the peace and quietude they will leave behind them."

"Ah! but not here. You promised me a holiday by the sea."

"My dear Nell, you went to Sandown with your brothers."

"Do you call that a holiday, sir? I called it hard work. Do you not know that I was continually on the alert—not to keep them out of mischief, that was an impossibility but to prevent them from drowning themselves, falling off the pier or over the cliff, or getting lost in some unaccountable manner. I spoiled my complexion and my temper—ruined my prettiest dress—and came home tired to death; and yet you speak of it as a holiday!"

"Dear, dear me! why do I never express myself correctly?" said Mr. Weydon, leaning lazily back in his chair and folding his arms behind his head. "Perhaps you had better let me hear your derivation of the word."

"It means filling our trunks, and bidding good-bye to smoke and chimney-pots, proofs and manuscript, for two or three delicious weeks. Just you and I wandering away together—north, south, east or west—whichever way we think the best."

"Perhaps it would be pleasant, if it did not involve such a great waste of time," Mr. Weydon mused.

"Pleasant?—of course it would! Waste of time? Why it would fill your mind with new ideas, and—but you are smiling, papa—you mean to consent; when shall I be ready for starting, and where shall we go?"

"Must it be to the sea, Nell? Because, if so, I cannot make any arrangements for weeks to come."

"Weeks, papa!" echoed the disappointed girl.

"Yes, my dear. I am sorry, but I have just promised a friend my advice and assistance in deciding where he shall settle himself in life. He has a small estate in view in South Wales, but a little business he has undertaken for a relative, a widow, prevents his going to inspect it as quickly as he intended. It is always a pity to lose a good chance, so I have proposed to go there for him, and report on this world-be purchase."

"Go, then, papa, and take me with you," cried Nell, promptly. "I daresay the scenery of South Wales will quite reconcile me to not visiting the coast."

"If you can content yourself, my dear, with such a humdrum excursion—" said Mr. Weydon, doubtfully—"if you can submit to being left alone sometimes, while I am talking business with lawyers, why I shall be very glad to have you for my companion, and we will start the day after to-morrow."

"Glorious!" ejaculated Nell, jumping up to execute a little dance of delight.

"That is if you can make your preparations in so short a time," her father added.

"I could make them in an hour. What do they involve! A change of linen, a serge gown for travelling, a cashmere for the evening, my pretty gray silk for church, and a cream canvas for occasional use; a bonnet, a couple of hats, some boots and shoes, and just a few et-ceteras besides. A waterproof, a few wraps and umbrellas, and——"

"Don't stop, my dear; but are you sure one trunk will suffice for all these 'few et ceteras?'"

Nell laughed good humoredly.

"Anyhow I promise you that I will be ready as soon as you give the marching orders, and that my luggage shall not be unreasonable in quantity."

With that understanding the father and daughter were separating for the night, when Nell suddenly remembered a question she had omitted to ask:

"Who is your friend, papa? Do I know him?"

"You did three years ago, before he left England. We made his acquaintance when Will had a bad fall that necessitated calling in the nearest surgeon. Mr. Lane was out, but his assistant came to us."

"Young Mellish! That boy! Oh, papa!" And Nell's face became crimson with blushes evoked perhaps by the same recollections that were making her laugh in a somewhat embarrassed fashion.

"Yes, that is his name—Sidney Mellish. I shall never forget how attentive he was to the child, and how patient. I was not at all sorry to renew the acquaintance."

"Yes, he was very—nice," Nell admitted. "But—such a mere boy!"

"You seem to pay that to his charge as a crime, my dear."

"A crime? Oh, no! But—but—however, we need not stand in the draught of the door to discuss Mr. Mellish. So he has returned to England, and intends to buy himself a country practice. Are you advancing the money for it, papa?"

The "No!" was too decided to admit of a doubt.

"The only assistance young Mellish will have for me is what I have already mentioned—a little fatherly advice as to his future. I should not like to see him taken in."

"At his age he ought to be able to avoid that without putting you to the trouble and inconvenience of a long journey," said Nell with a toss of her head.

Mr. Weydon smiled at the reproving tone his daughter was adopting.

"Perhaps I might not have been so willing to make this sacrifice to friendship if I had not felt a great desire to have a peep at one of the prettiest counties in the principality."

"Couldn't young Mellish have found something to do nearer London? Has he improved, papa?"

"Which of your questions am I to answer first?"

"Neither, sir." And, giving him a hasty kiss, Nell ran away.

As soon as she was shut in her chamber she indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

But when her mirth had exhausted itself she walked to her looking-glass and stood before it for some time, gravely regarding the face and figure she saw reflected in it.

Had they changed much in the three years that had come and gone since young Mellish laid his heart at her feet, and she flouted him for it? The remembrance of that momentous hour made her hot and uncomfortable. How dared he, with his boyish manner and hairless lip, aspire to her, who, though seven years his junior, counted herself in all but age so far beyond him!

Nell frowned and bridled before her glass just as she had done when he stammered his confession of love, and asked her if she would wait for him while he went to gain experience in the torrid regions of the East. And yet she was glad to hear he had come home safely.

"I daresay he is wiser now, and could laugh with me at the remembrance of his youthful folly. Perhaps he is engaged to someone else, or perhaps he is married!"

She drew a long breath and raised her eyes to the glass as before. Somehow the idea was not an agreeable one. It would have been so much more flattering to her vanity if she had had any reason to think that he had remained constant to the memory of his first passion, so much more romantic.

But here Nell's common sense came to her aid, and she began hastily unpinning the braids of her brown hair.

"How ridiculous I am to let my thoughts dwell on what I daresay Mr. Mellish would not thank me for recalling. If he has not forgotten me altogether, he must retain anything but pleasant reminiscences of our last meeting, for though he has renewed his acquaintance with papa, he does not come here.

"And I am glad of it," Nell added giving a refractory tress a vicious tug. "I have not the smallest desire to see a man whom I was compelled to humiliate. We were very good friends till he made himself so awfully silly. After that, what could I do but avoid him?"

And so, having convinced herself that she had acted very prudently and sensibly Nell went to sleep; yet, strange to say, it was to dream of that young Mellish!

In her visions he was once more sharing her watch beside the bed of the sick boy on the night the danger was so imminent that she could not be induced to leave him for a moment. Again she heard the voice of Sydney Mellish whispering in her ear that the crisis was past and the child would live; again she was sinking back in his arms dizzy and faint with joy, when she awoke and it was morning.

* * * * * * *

"I am afraid you find this very dull, my dear. I am sorry I have been obliged to leave you to yourself so much since we have been here."

It was Mr. Weydon who spoke as he came to the fallen tree on which his daughter was seated, and Nell who looked up brightly to answer:

"Nonsense, papa dear; I have found plenty of occupation. Am I not learning to speak the Welsh language? By-the-by, it is very liquid and musical; and is not the old harper in the village teaching me all the prettiest of his native airs? Then I am taking lessons in knitting from one of the funniest little old women you ever saw, besides filling my sketch-book and keeping a diary for the amusement of the boys. Dull indeed! I have not had time to be dull!"

"You have a happy disposition, my dear."

"Still," Nell went on to say, when she had kissed him for his compliment—"still I should prefer a little more of your society. How long will it take you to make up your mind whether there is or is not an opening for a medical man?"

"If you are in a hurry to be gone——"

"Not at all; but it is a shame that you should have so much trouble, while that young Mellish——"

"Hush, Nell, he is here waiting for you to speak to him."

Was this Sidney Mellish—this bronzed, bearded, thoughtful-looking gentleman, whose face was not wholly unfamiliar? for she had encountered twice or thrice in her solitary walks betwixt the village and the farm-house at which she and her father were lodging.

He saw her astonishment and smiled—and that smile covered her with confusion; but she contrived to hold out her hand, and make apologetic speech.

"It is so rarely that papa and I are able to get a holiday together that I cannot help grumbling if anyone takes him away from me."

"You shall not have cause to blame in any more, Miss Weydon," Sidney Mellish replied as he picked up the sketch-book Nell had dropped in her haste. "Thanks to having your father at my elbow I have concluded my purchase with less trouble than I anticipated."

"Then I suppose we ought to congratulate you," Nell observed; but it was in such a dubious manner that both her auditors regarded her inquiringly.

She reddened beneath their gaze and excused herself.

"I know it must sound presumptuous as I am very ignorant on such points, and papa would not advise anything that was not for your welfare; but this place is so thinly populated, so remote from the large towns, that I fail to see what prospect there can be for anyone who aims at rising in his profession."

"Your objections are well founded," Mr. Mellish replied. "But I have not much ambition to rise; and there is a large body of miners not far off to whose neglected wives and children I may be of service. I have talked over the matter with the only person interested in my destiny, and she agrees with your father that here I can be a useful member of society, if nothing more."

She! Then Nell's suggestions were well founded, Sidney Mellish was either engaged or married.

It gave her a shock to learn this; but she bravely stifled the pang that seized her, and assured herself that it was a great relief to have heard it. She could now meet him on the old friendly footing, and feel satisfied that he would do the same.

So Nell give smiling assent when Sidney Mellish asked permission to inspect her sketches. She was not only fond of drawing, but possessed of considerable talent, and was as pleased as she was surprised to learn that he was no mean artist. A few of his strokes altered the whole face of the sketch she was attempting, and a few hints from him showed her where lay the fault in the perspective of another which she had thrown aside in despair.

After that morning Mr. Mellish regularly accompanied her and her father in their rambles—and what long, enjoyable rambles those were!

The days never seemed long enough for the enjoyment crowded into them, even when storms and showers confined them to the house, and they had to find their amusement in finishing off water-color drawings, or reading together, and discussing some new work; or listening while Sidney Mellish narrated some of his Eastern experiences, and supplied his friend the author with details of Oriental life to be employed in his next novel.

"What is the day of the month?" Mr. Weydon asked one morning as he sat dashing off some letters.

Sidney Mellish was lounging with Nell in the porch, waiting till her father was disengaged and could accompany them on the

fishing expedition projected the previous evening. He drew a newspaper from his pocket, and supplied the required information.

"The seventeenth!" Mr. Weydon repeated; "is it possible? Our holiday is drawing to a close, Nell. I must return to town on the twentieth."

"So soon?" she murmured, regretfully. "So soon!" echoed her companion; but his face brightening, he added, "It is a comfort that I shall not be obliged to say my adieux till I have seen you safely under your own roof!"

"Then you will go to town with us? queried Nell, with renewed vivacity.

"Yes. Laura insists that I shall go and fetch her without any more delay. There will be some repairing to do in the house, some furniture to buy, and she knows her suggestions will be valuable!"

What answer Nell made she scarcely knew. She longed to question the young man about the "Laura" who had taken the place in his affection she had contemptuously declined.

Was she pretty? was she clever? would she make the struggling professional man a good prudent helpmeet; sympathizing with him when he was disheartened, rejoicing with him over his success? Why did some inexplicable emotion prevent it whenever she would have testified her friendly feelings by speaking to him of his betrothed?

Somehow, Nell was disinclined to talk that morning, and Sidney Mellish was unusually thoughtful.

This suited Mr. Weydon, who did not like to be disturbed when he was angling; and seeing him so absorbed in his sport, they withdrew to a pretty copse at some short distance.

High over Nell's head the bushes were draped with the wild clematis or "traveler's joy;" and seeing her make an ineffectual attempt to reach one of the finest pieces, Mr. Mellish took out a clasp-knife and cut it for her.

The knife was old and not very handsome; but seeing Nell's eyes rest upon it, the owner held it towards her with a smile.

"You remember this, and how poor little Will would insist on presenting me with it? Your father tells me he has outgrown his illness."

"Quite," said Nell, but there was an unusual sound in her voice, and her face was averted.

Mr. Mellish watched her awhile, and then spoke again:

"Ever since you came here, Miss Weydon I have been seeking for an opportunity to thank you for the well deserved snub you administered to me three years ago."

"I was rude: I was ungenerous," faltered Nell.

"You were justified in all you said, and I think, I hope it made a man of me. It taught me that to win the rich treasure of a woman's love and trust one should first try to be worthy of it. You did but punish my boyish folly as it deserved to be punished."

Yes, it had made a man of him and lost Nell a lover whose worth she had not comprehended till it was too late. She managed to preserve her composure till a shout from her father drew Mr. Mellish back to him to assist in landing a fine fish, but as soon as she was alone she plunged into the deeper recesses of the wood and wept bitterly.

"I may bring Laura to see you?" asked Sidney as he bade Nell adieu at her own door three days after.

"What could she do but say "yes," with as much cordiality as she could assume.

Aunt Bessie, the plump spinster who presided over Mr. Weydon's housekeeping, pronounced him to be looking wonderfully better for the change.

"Quite brown, and healthy, and vigorous, I declare; but you must have let this poor child over-fatigue herself, or catch cold, or live in too relaxing a climate, for she seems more fagged and spiritless than I can ever remember her."

"I don't think it's my fault," said Mr. Weydon, scrutinizing the scarlet face and angry eyes with which Nell protested that she was quite well—never better; and that it was too bad of Aunt Bessy to talk such provoking nonsense. "I don't think it is my fault, but we must make her rest as much as she can, and not let her be tormented with visitors. By-the-by, I had better ask young Mellish to defer the call he promised us."

"Oh, no, no, papa, don't do that," entreated Nell in great distress. "He might think—I don't know what he might not think; and—and I'd rather have it over."

Yes, it would be better to have it over. When she had seen the woman who had taken her place—she was too self-reproachful to call this happy unknown her rival—when she had seen Sidney Mellish and his Laura together, it would be less difficult to overcome the regrets that now made her nightly steep her pillow in tears.

She did not murmur at having been so soon forgotten. This she had brought on herself.

Had she been kind and gentle, telling him softly that she could not leave papa and the boys, he would have remembered her with different feelings; not as the haughty, uncompromising girl who sneered at him as a conceited, silly boy.

Nell was not sorry that she was quite alone when Mr. Mellish was announced. Not for worlds would she have had her father or aunt Bessy divine the effort it cost her to appear smiling and self-possessed.

On Sidney's arm he brought a delicate little woman, who, unless her looks and rapidly silvering hair belied her age, was some years his senior.

She came forward, surveying her embarrassed hostess steadily but kindly, and at the conclusion of the survey took both of Nell's hands in hers and put her lips to the girl's forehead.

"I have long wished to know you, Miss Weydon, for I am greatly your debtor. Sidney has been very frank with me, and I know that it was the thought of you that kept him straight when he left England, and was thrown into many and great temptations!"

"Mr. Mellish has always thought too well of me," Nell contrived to protest.

"Your father would not say so," was the reply, "nor the brothers who love you so fondly. Don't disparage yourself, my dear; everyone who knows you is aware that you are a good daughter and sister: and my brother has sung your praises too often for me, stranger though I am, to be ignorant of the fact."

"Your brother?" stammered Nell.

But before any explanation could be given, Mr. Weydon appeared.

Laura moved forward to accost him with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship.

"Then papa knows her and—and she—she is——"

"Mrs. Elderton, my half-sister, and the wife of a lieutenant-colonel in the Bengal cavalry. She came back to England with me for her health. But has there been any misunderstanding? I assure you it was not Laura's fault she did not call upon you before you went into Wales. By her physician's orders she was not allowed to leave the house."

"Misunderstanding? Oh, no! Only I was not aware that you had a sister; I supposed the Laura of whom you spoke so affectionately was——"

"Pray go on, Miss Weydon."

And desperately Nell finished her sentence.

"Your intended, or your wife!"

"Did you, then, think I had ceased to love —you?"

Nell hung her head; her pulses were throbbing wildly.

"You sent me away when I was a boy; I have come to you a man, but with the same heart beating in my breast, the same ardent, unbounded affection swelling within it. Will you send me away from you again? Dear Nell! sweet Nell! say that you will not!"

What reply Nell did make no one heard but her lover; but Mr. Weydon, glancing at his blushing daughter, and the manly form bending over her, smiled even while he sighed.

Mrs. Elderton's eyes met his, and they shook hands.

"I feel like a conspirator," he said, half jestingly. "What will my little girl say when she knows that I had given my sanction to your brother's renewal of his wooing, and that instead of buying a practice in South Wales he was buying an estate?"

The answer was reassuring.

"She will not love Sidney any the less because a grateful patient's bequest has made him a rich man: and, my dear Mr. Weydon, I am sure you will never have cause to regret giving the hand of your daughter to that young Mellish!"

And Nell, who insists upon putting in these last words, assures us that he never has.

TRUTH IN THE MARVELLOUS.

Antiquarian research, conducted in the prosaic spirit of the present day, has dealt cruel blows at many time-honored traditions.

We are taught that the story of the siege of Troy was a mere romance—that Troy itself never existed; that Arthur's Round Table was a myth; that the accidental appearance of a Countess's garter at a ball was not responsible for the institution of the highest order of knighthood; that a certain other Countess never freed the citizens of Coventry by riding through their streets with innocence for her only dress; that the Maid of Orleans was never burned, but married, and lived happy ever afterwards. We hardly know what historic relation we are to be allowed to believe. While, however, historical inquiry has discredited many pleasant stories, hard science has come to the aid of romance.

With what awe the visit of a meteorite may be regarded, even in the nineteenth century, by unlearned country folk, may be gathered from the account of one which fell at Juvenas, in France, on the 15th of June, 1821, and which formed the subject of a curious paper drawn up by the mayor of the commune.

It was first seen at 3 P. M., as a fireball, in a clear sky, while the sun was shining brightly; and it sunk five feet into the ground.

The inhabitants were so alarmed that it was more than a week before they could make up their minds to search for this strange visitant.

"They deliberated for a long time whether they should go armed to undertake this operation, which appeared so dangerous; but the sexton justly observed that if it was the Evil One, neither powder nor arms would prevail against him—that holy water would be more effectual; and that he would undertake to make the evil fly." After which reassuring speech, they set to work and dug up the aerolite, which weighed over two hundred pounds.

We read in the classic poets that on certain memorable occasions, statues have been so affected as to perspire, as if they were living human beings. These stories have been passed over as mere poetic fictions: but probably they rest on a substantial foundation.

The phenomenon is doubtless that which is observed when a fire has been lighted for the first time in a room which has for a lengthened period been allowed to remain cold; the walls and other objects are seen to run down with moisture, which appears as if exuded from their surface. The same thing occurs when a frost is succeeded by mild weather.

We may not be disposed to admit that the fiery cross seen by Constantine was a miraculous intimation; but we cannot set aside the account as necessarily apocryphal; for a celestial cross was seen near Poitiers, in France, in December, 1826.

It was observed during a religious service, and the preacher in his sermon had referred to the cross of Constantine. The awe-struck congregation, on perceiving the cross in the sky, of shining silver, edged with red, immediately fell upon their knees, accepting the sign as a divine testimony to the truth of what had just been told them.

The source of the phenomenon was afterwards found in a wooden cross which had been erected near the chapel, the shadow of which had been cast by the declining sun on a rising mist.

The Flying Dutchman was obviously another instance of atmospheric reflection, and similar phantom ships have been described by modern travellers.

The Enchanted Island, or Isle of Ghosts, which had its place in old charts in the mid-Atlantic, and so perplexed the mariners of the middle ages by its varying appearance, defying all attempts to reach its shores, has since been recognized as a fog-bank.

Among the wonders recorded of the reign of William Rufus, it is said that on a night in 1095, the stars seemed falling like a shower of rain from heaven to earth, or according to the Chronicle of Reims, were driven like dust before the wind.

A tradition is recorded as prevailing in Thessaly that on a certain night in August the heavens were opened and burning torches were seen through the aperture.

These are clearly but highly-colored accounts, by persons of limited knowledge of natural phenomena, of specially brilliant displays of shooting stars. The last corresponds with the August meteors.

Bartholin, in his "History of Anatomy," speaks of a patrician lady of Verona, in Italy, whose skin sparkled with fire when slightly touched.

"This noble lady," he says, "the Creator endued with so stupendous a dignity and prerogative of nature, that as oft as her body was but lightly touched with linen, sparks flew out plentifully from her limbs."

This description of electric sparks is such as would be given by a person who saw the phenomenon for the first time and was ignorant of its cause.

A TRAINED DOG.—By careful training wonderful intelligence may be developed in dogs, as the following anecdote will prove:

A fashionably dressed English gentleman was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Seine at Paris when he felt something knock against his legs, and, looking down, he found that a small poodle dog had rubbed against him, and covered his boots with mud. He was, of course, much annoyed, and execrated the little brute pretty freely; but when he got to the other side of the bridge he had the boots cleaned at a stand for the purpose and thought no more about the matter.

Some days after this occurrence, however, he had occasion again to cross the bridge, and the same little incident occurred. Thinking this was somewhat odd, he resolved to watch where the little dog went to; and leaning against the side of the bridge he followed with his eye the movements of his dirty little friend.

He saw him rub against the feet of one gentleman after another, repeatedly running down to the bank of the river to roll himself in the mud, when he returned to the bridge to transfer it to the boots of the passer-by as before. Having watched his movements for some time the gentleman noticed that on one occasion, instead of running down to the river, he went off to the proprietor of the stand for cleaning boots at the end of the bridge, who received him very cordially.

The truth then for the first time dawned on him that the little animal belonged to the man who cleaned the boots, and was trained by him to perform these mischievous deeds for the purpose of bringing in custom. So amused was the gentleman by the little creature's intelligence that he quite forgave him for former injuries.

An idea of the extensive, indeed, enormous business, done in some of the big stores, may be obtained by the statement that a popular up-town hatter considers it a "small Saturday" that he does not take in over his counter $2,800, not to mention his regular or account custom; a prominent dry goods store yields between $2,500 and $3,500 a day; a drug store in a populous neighborhood receives $1,800 per day; a news stand in one of the hotels is worth between $500 and $600 per day; a celebrated oyster saloon takes in ordinarily $1,200 per day, and $2,500 Saturday afternoons and evenings; an up-town hotel cab stand takes in ordinarily $200 and $250, but as high as $500 in good sleighing time; a hotel barroom at the art gallery order takes in $700 per day ordinarily, and as high as $1,400 on private days, while an ordinary bar passing by the door takes in $50 to $60 a month for. A liquor saloon on the principal thoroughfare on Fifth avenue averages $600 per day, some days as much as $1,000, and a cafe on a side street that is never seen by day has a $2,000 per night. There is a jewelry store that frequently takes in at the holiday season as much as $75,000; a picture and art emporium that does not take in interest or expenses for several days together, but then makes the sale of a celebrated painting at the profits of thousands.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Sportsmen are complaining that the presence of the fair sex in the coverts is becoming an unbearable nuisance. It is alleged that Diana's chatter disturbs the birds, and that a man who is bent upon shooting cannot also pay court at the same time to beauty. Cynics aver that the unsteadying influence of these pretty maids of the chase upon a sensitive nerve is so great that it is well for sportsmen on these trips to make their wills before they shoot. The favorite dress, it is said, of the fair Parisian when out with dog and gun, is a homespun Highland skirt, thick cloth bodice, Tyrolean hat, and a mackintosh for unpleasant weather. Waterproof boots and leather leggings are used.

Autograph collecting is one of the most harmless as well as the most interesting of hobbies, and when a celebrated person takes to keeping an album of autographs a collection of more than usual value is likely to be the result. It is not generally known that among others who share this weakness is that greatest of singers, Mme. Adelina Patti. For many years past no friend of any distinct in has been permitted to past the threshold of the prima donna until he or she has written a few words either upon Mme. Patti herself or upon some other subject of interest. The consequence is that the signatures of almost every notability both in and outside the musical world are to be found in one of her albums, while, besides these, are many letters of well-known composers and musicians which Mme. Patti has had presented to her or has herself purchased. Among these are letters from Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and other illustrious ones.

Decorations for dinner tables seem to be occupying everyone's attention just now. A dinner undistinguished by some novelty of arrangement, either as regards the ornaments, or flowers, or lights, is thought commonplace; and consequently two oddest things are brought into requisition in order to get some new effect. The fairy lamp idea has been considerably varied, but I think nothing prettier than the tulip lamp has been devised. These look charming when arranged in the centre of little white screens filled with moss, and dotted about the table with green foliage. Another new idea is to confine the decorations to one kind of china, setting tiny Watteau lords and ladies, cupids, Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, and little baskets of the same beautiful ware amid carelessly-arranged clusters of simple flowers. A good effect, too, is produced by filling white porcelain baskets with bunches of blossoms, lightly tied with ribbons, which may be either of one color or of contrasted hues, as fancy dictates.

The plan of pews adopted in most churches has its advantages. At one of the large places of worship in Paris not long since, a lady, wishing to place a contribution in "the plate," discovered that her pocket had been picked, and that her purse and keys had been taken. She communicated this fact to a respectable-looking gentleman seated on the next chair, who was horrified to find that he also had been robbed. He suggested they should at once go and lodge a complaint before the nearest commissary of police; "but," he added, "if it is inconvenient for madame, and she will give me her name and address, I will do all that is necessary on her behalf." The lady was only too pleased to be relieved of going personally to the police station, and at once gave the necessary particulars. The man went at once to her house, and, showing the lady's keys to the servant, said, "I come from your mistress; she has sent her keys, as she wants $100 at once, having lost her purse. She said you will know where to find the money." The servant seeing the keys, had no suspicion, and procured the notes. These, with the amount in the purse, rewarded the thief for his ingenuity. Ladies in this country I fancy, would not be so easily taken in.

In the Cabinet Museum at Darmstadt, Germany there is a small thimble which was found in 1848 among the excavated ruins of the Castle Tannenberg, destroyed in 1399. This is probably in make and shape one of the first thimbles ever used. The earliest mention of the *fingerhut* (finger hat) is found in an old chronicle of the twelfth century, in which St. Hildegard, far renowned both for her piety and her great learning, makes the first attempt at creating a universal language. Among the 900 words which she translated into her own mysterious language, the *fingerhuth* is mentioned as one of the common household objects. Nuremberg, that ancient town of clever manufactures, was the first to produce the thimble, and, so great was the [illegible] artistes in thimbles, that before long the cutting little instrument became one of the most elegant ornaments of the lady's work table. It was wrought in gold or silver and a name from nothing was soon made extremely expensive. The [illegible] was made separately, a band of silver duly turning [illegible] Lord Chancellor of [illegible] was the owner of one, [illegible] Sometimes the [illegible] thimble resembling was filled with a kind of hollow oil, from which issued one other perfume, and only two or three drops [illegible] were open at the same time [illegible] used by ladies at the present day.

Our Young Folks.

SELIM'S FORTUNE.

BY THEO GIFT.

ONCE upon a time a poor young man set out to seek his fortune. He had not a penny piece in his pocket—nothing but an old tin can, and a bit of advice which his mother had given him in dying—

"Never pass by anything you see as too small to be noticed, or anything you hear as too trifling to be attended to, for there is no knowing in what way heaven may send us help when we need it."

So far, however, he had neither seen nor heard anything to help him; nor had he found any one who would give him any work to do.

Even the flower gathers who were working in the large market gardens outside drove him away when he begged to be allowed to join them, so that when evening came he was so tired and hungry and footsore, that he was compelled to lie down by the side of the road and rest.

Now, while he lay there, there chanced to come that way a very wise man, one of the king's councillors, and as he passed by Selim saw that he carried in his palm a grain of dust, and heard him murmur as he looked from it to the distant mountains—

"Even so, 'small beginnings make great ends.'"

Very much Selim wandered what this meant; but remembering his mother's words, and thinking it might contain some help for him, he bowed low before the stranger, and humbly asked him for an explanation of what he had said, on which the wise man answered—

"My son, all the greatest things of earth have their beginning in the smallest. These mighty mountains could never have been but for the grains of dust that compose them, and men as poor as you have made great fortunes out of no larger capital than that dead mouse in the road there."

"Since that is so, why shouldn't I make mine?" said Selim to himself.

So he picked up the dead mouse and went on his way until by-and-by he came to a cottage where a woman was scolding her cat.

"Be quiet," she said; "you want some meat, I know, but I have none for you, and the cat's-meat man has not come to-day, so be still and don't tease me."

"If you have no meat for your cat, what will you give me for this fine mouse? You shall have it for a half-penny," Selim said, and as pussy began to purr with joy and fawn upon him, the woman, who was very fond of her cat, took the mouse, and tossing him a half-penny, sent him away rejoicing.

Selim's first thought was to buy himself some bread; but remembering how hot and dusty the flower gatherers had looked when they drove him away, he went instead and purchased a half-pennyworth of treacle, which he mixed with cold water from the brook in his old can, and going back to the gardens offered each of the men as they came out a sup of the cooling drink, in exchange for a single flower from the baskets that they were carrying to town for the morrow's market.

This the thirsty fellows gladly gave him, so that by the time his can was empty he had quite a big bunch of flowers, which he, too, carried to market in the morning, and sold for sixpence.

Selim felt quite happy now. He bought himself a pennyworth of bread, and having laid out the remainder of his money in treacle, mixed a much larger quantity of the drink, and repairing to the gardens as before, offered it to the gardeners in exchange for a bunch of flowers, and leave to carry away any dead twigs or branches which might have been left under the trees.

The men agreed, and Selim having made his gatherings into a bundle, was carrying it to town, when he passed an avenue where a man was sweeping up the dry sticks and leaves which the wind had blown down off the trees.

"Here, you," said the man crossly, "helping is better than staring. Sweep up these for me, and you shall have them in payment for your trouble."

"With pleasure," answered Selim cheerfully.

So he swept up the sticks, and knotting them together, dragged them after him in the road.

He had not gone far, however, when he heard a loud shouting, and saw the king's porter standing at the gate of the royal potteries beckoning to him.

"What will you sell me those sticks for?" he said; "we have just run short of firewood in the kiln where we are baking some pots for our royal master, and five have already been spoilt in consequence. Give me those faggots of yours that I may save the rest, and name your price."

"Sixteen pennies and five spoilt pots," said Selim boldly, for he thought to himself, "If he will send a porter for the firing, he will be getting a good price for it," and indeed the porter and two men had to haggle with him, but before the money left his hand, both sides were pretty well satisfied with the purchase.

Next morning Selim had not enough money to trade in the whole of the jars with sweet drink, and having hired a truck to carry them on, was setting off to the gardens as before, when his eye was caught by a long line of black specks dotting the mountain side, and he paused to ask a passer-by what they were.

"Why," said the man, "summer is the great horse fair in the city, and those are some of the horses coming in to be sold at it. The grass and forage sellers will have good times this evening, for the poor animals arrive so tired and hungry from their journey, that the dealers are always in a hurry to buy up all the food they can for them."

On hearing this, Selim turned his steps instead to some large meadows by the roadside, where two hundred haymakers were at work cutting down the grass under the hot sun.

When these men saw his jars of drink they soon flocked around him, begging eagerly for some, and offering to pay when they received their wages in the evening; but Selim smiled pleasantly, and answered in each one's ear—

"Don't trouble about money. Give me only one little armful of the grass from your cutting, and leave to sell it before you sell your own this evening, and you may drink your fill. I am not avaricious."

"That you are not," said the man simply. "An armful of grass isn't much, and one can well afford to let you dispose of such a trifle before selling one's own."

So the bargain was concluded, and Selim made haste to collect his bundle of grass from each man's cutting, and deposit it in the road.

By-and-by up came the long string of horses; and as soon as their dealers came in sight of the haymaker they called out to him, offering to purchase a load of his grass to feed their hungry animals.

"With all my heart," said the haymaker, "but just go on a few steps first. There is a man in the road there with a little armful of grass. Buy that and you can come back for mine."

The next haymaker gave the same answer, so the horse dealers pushed on quickly till they came to where Selim was sitting beside his two hundred armfuls of grass, which made a hillock big enough to feed the whole troop of horses; and which he was able to sell for no less a sum than a thousand silver pennies.

Now, as he was going back to town with all this money in his pocket, who should he see but an old woman standing on a steep bank staring at something, while she clapped her hands with pleasure.

"Why, Goody," said Selim, "what is it pleases you?"

And the old woman answered—

"Look for yourself, honey. Do you see those two big vessels making for the shore? Those are the merchant ships from the south which have been so long expected, and by this evening all our richest traders will have gone down to the beach to bargain for the cargoes. The captains won't get as much as they think, for the merchants beat them down; but others will make huge fortunes, and even I may get a silver penny for being the first to take the news."

"Huge fortunes!" said Selim to himself. "And why not for me as well as others, if I only know how?" and he was still thinking over the matter when lifting his eyes, he saw passing him a magnificent carriage drawn by four horses, and driven by a coachman and two footmen in gorgeous liveries of velvet and gold, while inside sat a fourth attendant holding on his lap a court mantle and a velvet cushion, on which reposed a costly ring.

Selim asked them where they were going, and the men told them that the carriage belonged to a wealthy nobleman who was coming up to town in a day or two, and had sent them on before to have fresh gilding put to his carriage, fresh lining to his mantle, and a new setting to his ring. On hearing this Selim told the men that if they would only drive him down to the shore first, and let him have the loan of the mantle and ring for a couple of hours, he would pay them a thousand silver pennies. At first the attendants hesitated, but the thought of the money tempted them; and when Selim pointed out that he could not possibly rob them, seeing that they were four to one, they consented and did as requested.

Directly they arrived at the beach, Selim sent off two of the attendants to summon the ships' captains to speak with him, and announced himself to them as a wealthy merchant who was prepared to buy up the whole of their cargoes then and there for eight thousand gold piastres. The captains declined, assuring him that the cargoes were worth at least fifteen; on which Selim said shrewdly—

"That may be, but you know well you would not get a third of that, if you had to bargain with a number of us, and perhaps some of your goods would not be sold at all; so you will do well to accept my offer while it is still open; and as a guarantee of the purchase money see here my signet ring, which, before I return to town I can deposit with you."

When the captains saw the ring, which was a ruby as big as a pigeon's egg, and the grand coach and attendants, they thought they were not likely to find any customers with more money to spare than this lordly personage in the court mantle, so they accepted his terms without more ado; and thus when, an hour later, the rival city merchants arrived all agog to buy up the rich cargoes, they found them already sold to a person, none of them knew, and so drove off in a body to Selim, with them, for it would ruin their credit to go back empty handed; but what he had bought for eight thousand gold piastres he managed to sell to them for thirty thousand, not a penny less!

Behold poor Selim, then, now almost the richest man in the whole province; and being a grateful fellow, the first use he made of his wealth was to seek out the wise old councillor, and offer him a present of a thousand piastres in return for the axiom of which had been the making of his fortune.

But when the aged man heard his story, and how wonderfully he had profited by his mother's advice, and those few words spoken by the roadside, he would not take the money, but bestowed on the young man his own daughter in marriage, and, taking him to the king, he entreated the latter to give him the post of keeper of the royal treasury, saying that one who knew so well how to manage his own affairs was worthy to manage those of a kingdom.

So Selim was made treasurer, and lived in honor and wealth all the rest of his life.

"BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

BY E. S.

"SO GREY is to win the drawing prize—first prize, and all."

"Grey! why, 'tis no such thing. Who says so?"

"He—the conceited donkey! I intend to go in and win that myself—always have intended."

"Always! Hear him! Why the scheme itself has sprung up very like a mushroom; 'always' has nothing to do with it."

"Well, always or not, I mean to have the first prize, or—or nothing."

"Perhaps 'twill be nothing; or is that the 'conceited donkey's' share? Ho, ho! Brother, shake hands and own your relation;," and, lo! two rival artists stood face to face.

Grey was a plain-faced lad, with a world of good humor in his paleblue eyes, not at all the conceited-donkey" type of boy.

"Pshaw! You're no brother of mine; but I called you a donkey, and I meant it," quoth Dainton, scornfully, striking up the proffered hand, yet laughing in spite of himself.

"And that's just the counter compliment I want to pay you; so shake hands and don't be a donkey."

"Why, Grey, what an illogical fellow you are," laughed Dainton, shaking hands because the others were looking on.

"Well, I leave the logic, and all the other ics and ologies to you, O illustrious artist and big wig. But the prize is as much mine as yours yet, remember."

"Well, I'll have it or nothing," was the reply of Dainton, who chose to be a little peppery over it, as the young by-standers averred, with a great shrugging of shoulders.

"Ah, yes, catch who can," cried Grey, over his shoulder. "Now on, comrades, on!"—this to his companions, who with him were all equipped for the cricket-field; flannel attire, bats, wickets and all. So, at the command of their leader they went bounding on in full cry, leaving their artist friend to his cogitations.

These cogitations led him to a sunny field not so very far removed from the cricket-field, with easel and all his sketching pharaphernalia, where a splendid view was to be obtained; just the thing for his prize picture, which was a landscape sketched from nature.

"By hook or by crook, no mortal shall beat me," was the confidently spoken resolve, as he planted his easel in position, ruffled up his hair in true artist disorder, and tried to put on the easy swing of an inspired painter; and truly, for a lad, he posed himself on his seat in a quite artistic posture.

"Grey, indeed—the conceited donkey!" —so he apostrophised the absent party, to speak in schoolboy style.

Ho, ho! how the picture grew. There was a windmill—a stream of water, which, Dainton remarked to himself, one could almost hear ripple over the stones, so lifelike had his clever brush portrayed it; and the clouds drifting above seemed to smile and smile and smile, passing away.

"Now," said he at last, "I'll read a little, and let my colors dry."

So, retiring a few steps, he stretched himself on his back, still in artistic pose, mounted his hat on a stick behind him to shade his eyes from the sun, and read his paper.

"By hook or by crook," one could fancy came echoing across the fields. At any rate, Master Bull was attracted thitherward, bent on knowing the why and the wherefore of the intrusion of the two-legged creature into his domains, and also spy at his belongings.

So while Master Dainton read under the shadow of his hat, without thought of harm or unfriendly criticism, the wily creature was drawing near—drawing near to the easel and the prize picture.

From spying and staring, which told him nothing, Master Bull proceeded to licking and lapping the wet paint. Ho, ho! for Master Dainton's dreams and hopes of fame and distinction.

The brute began to thrust at the curious medley of colors with his horns, uttering ominous mutterings of suppressed bellowing.

And then Master Dainton started up—ay, Master Dainton, to the rescue!

Well, Master Bull was no coward. Now he charged the lad with his murderous horns; now Master Dainton retired; now Master Dainton charged Master Bull, stuck in stand, and "he did not retire;" now he made a dive at the offending easel, but ere long the tide of war drifted away from it, and the dash thereon; now the hard pressed lad took refuge behind it.

Ho, no! picture, easel and all went flying through the air, tossed thither by the enraged bull.

"By hook or by crook! By hook or by crook!" it seemed to him the brute bellowed, till verily he fancied he was asleep, and playing his part so heroically in the shadow world of sleep and wonders.

But no; these were no shadow drops of perspiration that were trickling down his face; those racings up and down the field pursued by that monster were no feats of imagination, performed but in spirit on his bed at home.

Mr. Bull knew no such word as surrender—no, nor even thought of a truce for a moment, nor anything so pacific. As for the picture, Dainton quite forgot that the contest began about a picture; nay, he forgot for the time being who he was.

He thought of gladiators of old—the old Roman amphitheatre, with its gazing thousands; yes, he thought of all this as he twisted and turned, and made again and again the tour of the field, the butterflies and bees and all the merry summer insects buzzing and applauding, like those other spectators which floated before the boy's heated imagination.

Now he clung to Master Bull's tail, and a pretty dance the creature led him; still, would that he had remained the—no harm could come to him in the rear of the enemy.

Ah, now for the supreme moment! He has slipped his hold; now for the turning of the tables!

The lad's spirit is sinking; his body rising. There he goes soaring in mid-air, above the bees, butterflies, humming and staring aghast, poising on lingering wing to see the issue!

Perhaps the coming down was the worst part of the affair—the plumping down into Mother Earth's hard lap. And what a slap she gave him when she had him safe there!

Was he safe? Where was Master Bull now?

Well, Master Dainton roared so loudly over Mother Earth's chastisement, that the old bull bolted helter-skelter across the field, tail on end, very like the biter bitten, at last.

"Well, old fellow, what are you up to?"

It was Grey's voice, and up came Grey, in the flesh, and his friends at his heels, in the flesh also.

"Nothing," quoth our hero, rather ingloriously.

"Nothing! I'd not be up to nothing; any silly can be up to that, you know."

"Now, I should say you and the old bull had been up to mischief together," remarked Grey, as Dainton held his peace and counted his fingers.

"He's been tossing me like fun, I know that," confessed Dainton, ruefully.

"Well, 'twas fun; we saw it all," Grey laughed.

"Then I say you're a pack of cowards," roared Dainton, "not to have helped a fellow."

"Nonsense; we weren't here at the beginning of the fray. We were only in at the death; so tell us how it began, that's a good fellow."

"Well, the creature began by licking my picture, and—and I——" it was all so comic to tell that the boy was fain to laugh.

"Ah, Master Bull is no artist, depend upon that," said Grey. "But where are all your painting tackle and this ill-used work of art? Here, old man, get up, and let us search for the—green—ahem! picture, I mean;" so spoke Grey, seizing his hand. But the other caught it away.

"I've sprained my wrist," so he excused himself; "and I believe my knee is sprained as well."

"Then that is a polite invitation to us to carry you," quoth Grey.

"Yes, if you'll carry a 'conceited donkey,'" replied Dainton, in playful humility.

"Oh, my! Nothing is too mean for us to pick up when down, and carry. But I say, old fellow, has it come to that with you?" questioned Grey, as they began to hoist him on their shoulders.

"Yes, nothing is what I shall have, and you the prize. See here," and Dainton held up his swollen hand.

"Oh, my! And that's the clever right paw, too: well, I'm sorry. Still it is a case of—of—what shall I say? Reckoning one's chickens before they are hatched," eh Dainton?"

But Dainton said, "I think it is a case of conceited pride having a come down."

"Never mind; let's honor him as a hero," said merry Grey, and began to shout—

"See, the conquering hero comes;
He's broke his shins and sprained his thumbs!"

A CLERGYMAN who had got partly through the marriage ceremony for a young couple at Lancaster, Pa., last week, suddenly stopped and asked the groom if he had been drinking. The latter admitted that he had taken just one glass as a "bracer," and the minister thereupon flatly refused to conclude the ceremony, remarking that he had determined never to marry a man who was in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor.

THEY occupied a rustic seat near a spreading elm, and the pale moonbeams fell gently through the leafy boughs, and shed o'er each a soft and silver radiance. "Darling," whispered the poetic jeweller, "thou art like a matchless diamond, so brilliant and so pure. What gem do I remind you most of, dearie?" "The emerald," she murmured; "because you are so green."

A lady, who seemed to be rather vain, entered a boot-maker's shop one day with the usual complaint: "Why, Mr. S., these boots you made last for me are much too big. I really can't understand how you always make that mistake. Can you not make small boots?" "Oh, ay," quickly replied the man, "I can mak' sma' buits, but I'm sorry to say I canna mak' sma' feet."

REVISITED.

BY S. STEPHEN.

Dull must he be, through whose dense mind and heart
(When visiting the haunts of early years)
The vivid rays of feeling fail to dart,
And steep his soul if not his eyes in tears.

The uncalled thoughts that crowd upon the brain
Rush on ward like a sea, and almost stun;
But 'mid the chaos still resounds the strain
Of voices, wakened by Life's morning sun.

The wayward brooklet as it rolls along,
Exuberant with life and strength and mirth,
Without a minor note to break its song,
Recalls my laughing years when new to earth.

Yon broader stream emerging from the wood,
Moving in even progress, slow and calm,
Suggests life's later staid and graver mood
The steady movement of the peaceful psalm.

Perchance our loved ones owe a debt to those
Triumphs of Nature where their lives were spent,
But Nature still a greater tribute owes
To the humanity with which 'tis blent.

What is our childhood, and wherefore are its hours
So cherished by our hearts to Life's last ray?
It is a marred, but yet a living power
Of the eternal joys in Heavenly day.

They cannot come to me, but if so be
I live as they once lived, the self-same hand
That snatched them in their early prime from me
Will gently lead to them in that Blest Land.

NOTHING NEW.

Antiquaries are always delighted to remind us that there is nothing new under the sun. When we boast of the great art of printing, they bring in the Chinese as evidence against us. Certain it is, however, that the Romans used movable types to make their pottery and bread, and even to indorse their scroll-books.

But if this is to be called printing, then the Accadians, and their successors the Assyrians, did the like on a grand scale many centuries before.

It is curious to see also how great natural laws have been dimly apprehended centuries before they were rendered demonstrable. The law of gravitation was undoubtedly discerned by Sir Isaac Newton; but it is remarkable that in Dante's Inferno an idea very like it occurs. Of this passage, it is somewhere remarked that if it had met the eye of Newton, it might better have awakened his thought to conceive the system of attraction than the accidental fall of an apple.

Some anticipations of telegraphy are also very interesting. Gallileo, in his "Dialogues on the Two Systems of the World," that is, the Ptolemaic and Copernican, and which he wrote in 1632, makes Sagredo say: "You remind me of one who offered to sell me a secret art, by which, through the attraction of a certain magnet needle, it would be possible to converse across a space of two or three thousand miles."

It appears, however, that telegraphy took form as an idea two thousand years ago, for Addison, in one of his essays in the Spectator tell us that "Strada in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain lodestone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate."

In Homer's "Odyssey," translated by Pope, in a curious description—originally detected by an ingenious mechanic—of the Phœacian ships of old, is a passage, that would show the ancients were not unacquainted with some method beyond that of the ordinary sail, of propelling vessels through water with safely and celerity.

Some of the most beneficent and useful discoveries in medical science appear to have been anticipated years ago. For example, certain skulls of prehistoric man have afforded the clearest evidence that even at that remote period the art of trepanning must have been practised upon them. A skull found in the tomb of the Incas, near the city of Cuzco, in Peru, exhibited distinct marks of having undergone a like operation.

According to a reputed discovery it appears that as far back as the third century of our era, the Chinese were in possession of an anæsthetic agent which they employed during surgical operations.

Of the Germ theory of desease, it must also be said it is no novelty. That noted physician, Athanasius Kircher, in his work on the plague—published at Rome in 1658—attributed the origin of epidemics to germs, or as he termed them, animalcules. He argued that each kind of putrefaction gives rise to a special virus, which produces a definite species of malady.

Even sticking-plaster is not a modern surgical appliance. One of the highest living authorities in organic chemistry states that ordinary lead-plaster now so commonly used was said to be discovered by the Roman physician Menecrates in the middle of the first century.

In striking contrast to all the above named instances of rediscovery, is the fact furnished by some Assyrian bas-reliefs—that is, that the lion, or at least the Asiatic has a claw in the tuft of his tail. This fact, which, strangely enough, was disputed in classic times, although forty years before the birth of Christ, Didymus of Alexandria discovered it, had been quite overlooked by modern naturalists.

Homer's famous story of the battle between the frogs and the mice is doubtless a political satire. That the story was originally suggested by actual observation is not an unreasonable fancy. Homer may even have been the mimic campaign for himself, for it is but a tradition that he was blind. In a recent number of "Nature," a correspondent states that he saw a short time since several mice pursuing some frogs in a shed. The alacrity of the reptiles rendered the attacks of the mice futile for some time. "Again and again the frogs escaped from the clutches of foes, but only to be recaptured, severely shaken, and bitten." They were at length "over powered by the mice, which devoured a part of them."

It is even said that the stereoscope was known to Euclid, and minutely described by Galen, the physician, sixteen centuries ago; moreover, it was still more completely defined in the works of Baptista Porta in the year 1599. As for photography, its discovery is by common consent referred to Daguerre, who announced it to the Academy of Science in 1839. This beautiful art has, however, been found clearly described in a translation from the German three hundred years ago.

As ancient gold coin recast is, after all, the same precious metal; even so, truths long lost are, when found, restamped by human thought and made current again for the world's good. How few are privileged; or have the genius, to enrich mankind with an original discovery!

Grains of Gold.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.

Good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they are executed.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor.

The good we have received from a man should make us bear with the ill he does us.

It is not enough to possess great qualities; we must also have the management of them.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be shut it opens into endless life.

When the forenoons of life are wasted there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

It is very easy to form good resolutions in the night: it may be quite inconvenient to keep them during the day.

The great difference between virtue and vice is this: For virtue you have a price to receive; for vice you have a price to pay.

Goodness is beauty, and beauty cannot stay inside; like the sap in a tree, it must come out in fresh leaves and buds and blossoms.

Cowardice asks, "Is it safe?" Expediency asks, "Is it politic?" Vanity asks, "Is it popular?" But Conscience asks, "Is it right?"

The virtue that public sentiment drills into cowards may benefit society, but are of little credit to those upon whom they are dragooned.

When a man looks through a tear in his own eye, it is often a lens which reveals what no telescope, however skilfully constructed, could do.

Real difference of opinion, honestly expressed whenever the subject is serious enough to demand it, always deserves respectful attention and consideration.

Femininities.

France possesses the very oldest maid in the world. Her age is 100 years.

The private path of elopement leads to the public highway of the divorce court.

Mrs. Mary Murphy, of St. Louis, is 100 years old and is just cutting her wisdom teeth.

Dr. Laura Weld, from Boston, has hung out her professional sign in Dresden, Germany.

Many a rich man, in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron did—a golden calf.

Sixty plucky Chicago girls have organized a co-operative establishment for making men's clothing for wholesale dealers.

The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high.

It is stated that Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women. Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action.

Love, whether newly born or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine; filling the heart so full of radiance that it overflows upon the outward world.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, and so too is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness it should be properly checked.

Miss Boston, sweetly: "I understand, Miss Chicago, that the belles of your city find large boots more preferable?" Miss Chicago, still sweeter: "Yes; but we don't have to use mucilage on our garters."

Mistress, to new help: "You will have to wash for the whole family." New help: "All right, mum; but it's the liberty I'll be after taking or saying thim that don't wash thimselves ain't at all healthy."

Cashier: "I wish to marry your daughter, sir. May I have her?" Proprietor, who has just been examining the books: "Well, I suppose I'd better give my consent. I want to keep the money in the family."

An additional punishment. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. McSwillizen, "if one of these Chicago Anarchists isn't going to be married. I think it's a rank shame." "So do I," replied her husband; "I think hanging is punishment enough for him."

There is a family in Tennessee whose children answer to the following names: Mollie Necklane, Quincy Ann, Sir Tommie, Happy Josie, Nestor Chester and I Wonder. It is said that the happy mother takes pride in calling each child by its full name.

Little Dot: "I like my papa best. Don't you yours?" Little Dick: "No, I don't; my papa spanks me." "Mine don't me; my mamma does, though." "My mamma hardly ever spanks. Oh, wouldn't it be real nice if my mamma and your papa should get married?"

George Pancake, of Anoka, Minn., with his dog and gun, started to walk to a lumber camp. He met two men and leaned on his gun as he talked with them. His dog jumped upon him, hit the hammer of the gun with his paw, the gun was discharged and Pancake was shot dead.

To repress a hard answer, to confess a fault, to stop, whether right or wrong, in the midst of self-defense, in gentle submission—these sometimes require a great struggle for life and death, but these efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant natural history class after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that possesses the power to move rapidly backward?" "Yes," said one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule kin do it."

A traveler in one of the hotels of Bangor, Me., put his false teeth in a glass of water when he went to bed the other night. In the morning the water was frozen solid, and as the water pipes in the house were also frozen he had to take the glass in bed with him and thus thaw the ice before he could go to breakfast.

A true motherhood is a dowry for a daughter, and a portion for a son, more priceless than a legacy of millions. To have a good mother is to go full-armed to life's sternest battle, and to stand well equipped before its harshest brunt. To have a bad mother is to stand unsheltered under the black sky, unscreened beneath the pelting hail.

A proud French woman who had borne in silence for a considerable time the brutality of her husband, sewed him up in the bed-clothes one night when he came home drunk, and in the morning thrashed him with great enthusiasm and a broom-handle, after which she betook herself to her parents and has begun proceedings in divorce.

A girl of Greenport, L. I., who is described as "the belle of Eastern Long Island," eloped with her sweetheart because her father objected to the match, proceeding with him to a neighboring town, and while he was gone for a clergyman she eloped from the hotel parlor, where he had left her, and her present whereabouts are unknown to him.

Quite a relief. Grocer: "Anybody been in while I was out?" New boy: "Yes, a female shoplifter." "Eh! Wha—what did you do?" "I tried to call the police, but she boxed my ears and told me I'd got to behave." "Then what did you do?" "I couldn't do nothin', an' she emptied the money drawer in her pocket." "Didn't she say anything more?" "Nothin', except she 'spected you was drunk again." "Oh! that's all right. That's my wife."

"But, father," she protested, as the old man ceased speaking, "you do not seem to understand the case." "Oh, but I do. You shall never marry William, even if he is my confidential clerk." "Father, you—" "That is all, Helen, not no more." Four days later she wrote him from Canada, saying: "Will and I arrived here safely and were married at once. We have $60,000 of your money. Is all for given, or shall we settle down here?" He telegraphed his forgiveness.

Masculinities.

The weak-voiced tenor warbled forth,
"I'm Saddest when I Sing," sung he;
The weary audience gave a sigh,
And softly murmured, "So are we."

There is no such thing as an insignificant enemy.

A prominent undertaker at Reno, Nev., is Coffin C. Bier.

Among the merry men of Merrie England Princess Beatrice's husband is known as "the stalled ox."

It is a bachelor who always knows how a child should be brought up, but he forgets the way after marriage.

Paris now has among its other social freaks a club composed of divorced men. Those who remarry become honoraries.

The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.

Good luck taps at one's door once in a man's lifetime, and most men have just gone over to the neighbors' when the knock comes.

More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days' minding the affairs of one's neighbor.

A writer says: "Some people would sooner help a stranger than a friend." Yes, and nine times out of ten they will get more thanks for the help.

A large cake of ice, cut from the Illinois river near Ottawa, contained the body of a man frozen in the middle of it. The dead man was Joseph Johnson, of Peru, Ill.

Senator Beck's whim is that he cannot speak unless he arises with a penholder in his right hand, which he always slams down upon his desk before he has spoken a dozen words.

Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own, who can have no change, are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Cause and effect. Green: "Black went off very suddenly. What did he die of?" White: "Natural causes, I suppose. I saw Dr. Gray's chaise at his door the day before he died."

Young man: "I love your daughter, sir, and would like to make her my wife." Father: "What are your prospects?" Young man: "I think they'll be pretty good if you will say yes."

"Why is it," asks an exchange, "that unmarried women are the only ones who write upon how to manage a husband?" Probably because they can manage husbands, very often, better than wives can.

Boston Corbett, the man who shot Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, is now an assistant doorkeeper in the Kansas Legislature. He lives in a dug-out in Clark county, and is very poor.

One would think a lover would have his sweetheart's name written on his heart, but two applicants for marriage certificates had trouble recently because they could not spell the names of their intended wives.

Small boy: "Pa, who was that nice, kind gentleman who just patted me on the head?" Pa: "That was a politician, my son." "Does he know ma?" "No, my son; and doesn't know pa only about once in two years."

William Conners, of Springfield, Ill., has paid in blackmail $3,200 to a man who knew that when Conners was a boy he stole a dozen eggs. Conners has finally quit the payments, confessed his fault and paid for the eggs.

"Stop smoking," said a Boston doctor to an ailing patient the other day, "and it will lengthen your days." The patient stopped. The doctor's prediction was verified. The first day, the patient declares, was as long as his whole previous life.

A waiter in a San Francisco hotel the other day waited on a table where there were a number of gentlemen speaking five different tongues—English, French, Italian, Spanish and German—and he spoke to each in his native tongue, talking all fluently.

Up in Canada the other day a groom, about starting on his wedding tour, was so busily engaged shaking hands with friends that the train bearing his bride pulled out unnoticed to him. He boarded the next train, however, and overtook his wife the following morning.

A Bangor (Me.) man while returning from a sleigh ride in the country, some nights ago, lost his way in a snowstorm, and finally found that his horse had drawn him over a fence into a graveyard. The man, after a hard struggle through the drifts, found shelter in a house near by.

One of the newest things in New York is a stenographer and type-writer who pays rent for a place in the reading-rooms and does work for the patrons of the hotels. The merchant from afar can dictate his letters just as he does at home for a small fee. The idea is proving to be quite popular.

Miss Budd: "Do you think Miss Rose leaf pretty, Mr. Holworthy?" Holworthy, striving to say something complimentary: "Well, she has a very intellectual face." Miss Budd: "Oh, fie, Mr. Holworthy! what a compliment to pay a young lady!" Holworthy: "Oh, I wouldn't say so of you, you know."

A Maine man, while chopping wood, cut a big gash in his boot. Thinking he had cut his foot also, he sat down and shouted for help. Assistance came, and the man, who was not able to walk, was placed on a sled and hauled home. When there, his boot and stocking were cut from his foot, when it was found that the foot was not cut enough to draw blood.

"I've been hunting all over the room for a hairpin," said a young lady to her newly married friend, "and I couldn't find a single one to save me." "Of course, you couldn't, my dear," was the sympathetic reply. "I'm married now, you know." "And what has that to do with it?" was the incredulous query. "Everything, my dear," was the reply; "my husband straightens them all out for pipe-cleaners."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The American Boy is the title of a new paper for boys issued by S. E. Hudson, this city. The first number is filled with fresh original matter on a variety of interesting subjects, and many excellent pictures. It is very easy to get out an improvement upon the regulation boy's "paper," and this *The American Boy* promises to make itself. It is a monthly, and the price is 50 cents a year.

Among the many attractions in the February *St. Nicholas* may be mentioned the following: The first chapters of a new serial story, "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis, author of "Toby Tyler;" a stirring and seasonable tale of Icelandic adventure by H. H. Boyesen, entitled, "Between Sky and Sea;" "Effie's Realistic Novel," by Alice Wellington Rollins; and illustrative descriptive article, "Among the Gas Wells;" some valuable hints by Rev. Washington Gladden, under the title "If I Were a Boy;" some lively "Brownie" rhymes by Palmer Cox; conclusion of Mrs. Frances Hodgson's "Story of Prince Fairyfoot;" continuation of Miss Bavlor's serial "Juan and Juanita," besides short stories, poems, jingles, etc., all richly illustrated.

The Forum for February has a notable list of contributors, and among their eleven papers there is not one that will not be read with interest by thoughtful people. The honor of opening the number is given to James Parton, in a strong article on "Outgrown City Government." Prof. Lester F. Ward contributes a valuable paper on "The Use and Abuse of Wealth," and Andrew D. White, of the University of Michigan, tells in one of the most interesting papers of the series, "How I Was Educated." The other contributors are, Commander H. C. Taylor, W. H. Mallock, Rev. George Bachelor, Prof. Noah K. Davis, J. Macdonald Oxley, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, who tells "Why we have no great Novelists," Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, and John Randolph Tucker. The Forum Publishing Co., New York; 50 cents a number.

A complete new novel by Mrs. M. G. McClelland, whose "Oblivion" placed her amongst the most promising of the younger American authors, is the leading attraction of *Lippincott's Magazine* for February. Another delightful piece of fiction is "Rothenburg Felicity," a translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, "after the German Paul Heyse." Robert Grant finishes a dialogue "Two Ways of Telling a Story." The literary autobiography is furnished this month by John Burroughs, under the title of "Mere Egotism." Charles E. D. Wingate contributes a notable article entitled "Our Actors and Their Preferences." William E. Curtis contributes a bit of personal gossip entitled "A Day with the President." The departments are as bright as ever, and good poetry is furnished by A. W. R. and C. H. Crandall.

Professor William James, of Harvard College, occupies the first place in the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, with a most readable paper on "The Laws of Habit." Of great interest, also, is the discussion on "Materialism and Morality," and "Science and Morals," in papers by Mr. W. S. Lilly, a Catholic, and Professor Huxley. Two papers on "Science in Religious Education," are condensed. An illustrated paper is entitled "The South African Diamond Mines." Mr. Bunce's has "Some Points on the Land Question." Mr. George Pellew, in "Fetichism, or Anthropomorphism," discusses the origin of fetich worship. Mr. Frank P. Crandon, presents the concluding article on the "Misgovernment of great cities." Mr. George P. Merrill gives an interesting illustrated article on "Fulgurites," or the glazed holes which lightning sometimes makes where it penetrates the earth. "Views of Life in the Crazy Mountains," and a paper on "Massage," are also good articles. The other departments of the number are quite up to their average in fulness and interest. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

The February *Magazine of American History* is a model of elegance, and its contents are appetizing and delightful. The first article on the "Notable Editors between 1776 and 1800" affords twenty-seven unique illustrations, including several of the rarest portraits known to picture collectors. The other notable contributions to the February issue are the "Letters of Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, in 1843," the queer question of "When Did Ohio Become a State?" a brief tribute to "Senator John A. Logan," by the Editor; the character and public services of "Major General Hunter," "President Lincoln's Unlucky Pass," "Monument to the Three Signers," in Georgia, "The First Homestead Bill," an episode in the Congressional career of Horace Greely, "Disillusions," and the "Homestead of one of the Captors of Major Andre," by Dr. D. Knower. These papers, with the several well-filled departments, form a most interesting and readable number. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home, should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages can earn from $5 to $25 a day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Locket Mystery.

BY RITA.

ANYONE who has even been at Pau will remember the Plaine de Billere, and the eternal golf and lawn-tennis playing that prevails by the Gare. Miss Julie Vankeppel's pretty figure might be seen there nearly every day. You might meet her coming along through the Chateau grounds with her opponents or opponent, as the case might be—she was partial to "singles"—gaily chatting, her high American voice echoing through the trees, and causing stray French soldiers and foreign matrons to turn and look at her.

Piers Gaveston was a frequent cavalier—in fact, he was so constantly her shadow that even the easy-going society of Pau, which allows a very liberal measure of devotion, wondered whether she had not some intention of accepting him. What did she see in him? He was the usual English good fellow with little money and less brains wherewith to add to his wretched younger son's portion.

Nobody knew what he was doing at Pau, and nobody cared; it was sufficient that he went everywhere, knew everybody, and was the best of leaders of a cotillon.

As he was equally good at tennis, Miss Vankeppel often arranged to have a match, and he was nothing loth, for he adored her. I don't mean with the usual poor admiration which frail young men nowadays seem able to spare from their deep self-love; but the regular, downright, old-fashioned Romeo and Juliet business. Gaveston thought only of her and had actually been known to miss a dinner dressed by the best cook in Pau, through fulfilling some idle behest of his capricious beauty. She ridiculed him, but I don't know that she did not like him all the better for it in reality.

One bright March morning she and Piers were having "a real good knock up," as she said, down at the Plaine, which was almost deserted, as sometimes happens. In spite however of his orthodox flannels, he soon advocated a rest in the shadow of the tennis-house, to which Miss Julie agreed.

"I wonder," she said, presently, "if you have really told me truly all about your past life? I love to feel I know all about you now we are going to marry."

"Have you told me all your secrets, Miss Julie? Truly, all your little flirtations at Newport last summer, and at Nice last year when you met Melville, and all Count Sovatsky talked about on the top of the Pyramid the winter before?"

She laughed.

"How you jumble up things!" she said. "Sjovatsky didn't talk to me at all; he only proposed to my sister Hattie on the top of the Pyramid. And it wasn't Lord Melville, but Lord Wiltram, whom I met at Cannes. No, I've told you everything, all my life since I can remember up to the day I agreed to marry you, and I think I've a right therefore to know yours. I could never forgive you if you kept anything from me."

A smile—was it tender or satirical?—flitted across his face, and he said—

"And if I thought it better not to tell you, could you be content?"

"Never!" she exclaimed. "And, by the bye, what is in that locket you wear round your neck? I've often meant to ask you."

"My locket!" He put his hand over the tiny gold case and smiled provokingly. "Wouldn't you like to know now?"

"Yes, do show me."

"No, I can't do that; there's a picture in it."

"Whose picture? You might tell me. Why, I think I ought to know. You promised I should know everything the other day."

"To be sure! I will answer every other question that comes into your pretty little head. Now, that screen full of pictures I never ask any questions about."

"Why, I've told you thousands of times," Miss Julie said; "they're only my friends—men I know."

"Exactly. Well, this is my friend—somebody I know."

"Of course it's a woman;" and the rosy lips began to pout, and she looked like a kitten making up its mind to scratch.

He grew serious then; and, springing to his feet, took her hands.

"Look here, Julie. I give you my word it's all right. You may trust me; I wouldn't deceive you."

"Tell me, then, who it is, and I shall believe you do love me."

And she looked up coaxingly.

But her little wiles were all in vain. He repeated his assertion, but refused to satisfy her curiosity, till, at last she vowed she would never speak to him any more, and left the tennis-ground. He saw her pretty little figure scurrying across the Links, and finally disappear down the road to the town, and he felt not over-pleased with himself.

"But she should have trusted me. I told her it was all right," said he to himself, as he prepared to follow.

That night there was a ball to which both went and sulked at each other much to the general amusement.

Yes, once in the cotillon, when their hands met, she murmured—

"Do tell me."

He was still obdurate, and said, in an undertone—

"Can't you believe me when I tell you it's all right?"

This state of affairs continued nearly a month, and the once happy pair underwent a good deal of chaff from their amused friends.

Said Julie Vankeppel to her friend Pauline Thornton—

"My dear Pauline, I don't care if he is huffed. I will see inside that locket or never see him again. Does he think I can marry him while he cares so little for me as not to tell me such a small thing?"

And he, on his part, said to his "chum," D'Escars—

"Miss Vankeppel has chosen to break with me; it is for her to make friends."

But that was all, and he disappeared out of the social round.

"Where is Gaveston? Where is he gone?"

"To Australia—to California—to Scotland."

"How about Mrs. Barr's cotillon? D'Assas will have to lead."

And thus he was forgotten.

What did Julie do?

She spoke hardly of him herself; but, like most women, did not like to hear others do so; and if she appeared to forget him in public, probably remembered him the more in private. But I don't think it ever occurred to her that he might have been trying her trust.

Next season she was not at Pau, and was dimly heard of as wandering on the Riviera. However, the year after she reappeared in her old haunts, prettier than ever, gay as a bluebird, and more bewitching than before. Some of the old set were still there, but the greater number "knew not Joseph."

To her surprise, however, one day D'Escars, whom she had heard was at Panama, suddenly turned up. They danced together at Mrs. Barr's. She was involuntarily reminded of Piers Gaveston by thus seeing his friend, and at last she lightly alluded to his prolonged absence from the little lively city.

D'Escars' face clouded over, and he said, abruptly—

"Probably he cannot come back."

"Is that so?" cried Julie, eagerly. "Do you know where he is? Have you seen him at all since?"

"Yes, I have seen him."

"Where?"

"In Panama, but," added he quickly, "may I come and see you to-morrow and tell you my adventures, such as they are, then, for this is my dance with Madame de Sessons, and she will never forgive me if I make her lose this valse of Strobl?"

Julie agreed, and the next day rather anxiously expected D'Escars. He did not come however till late. The rainy afternoon was closing in, and the few visitors who had braved the weather had departed. Julie was sitting over the fire, lost in thought, when D'Escars was announced. He looked pale, and as he sat down he laid a packet on a little table close by. He seemed unwilling to come to the subject of his travels, and persisted in discussing the last night's ball, till Julie exclaimed—

"And now all this time you have told me nothing of your journey. You went with M. de Lessops, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went out with his son; he is charming."

But he said it absently, as if that was not the point either.

"Ah! indeed! That was nice for you. And so it was quite a pleasure trip for you? Meeting old friends, too? Did Mr. Gaveston go out with you, or did you come across him there?"

"No, I met him at a Spanish merchant's, where I happened to spend a night or two."

"Well, what was he doing?"

Julie was getting impatient.

"He was ill, down with the fever."

Seeing her frightened eyes, D'Escars added, hastily—

"Everybody has fever there, you know, more or less. I helped to nurse him, for there was only the merchant and an old housekeeper. He said he should never see Europe again, and he gave me this packet to give to you."

D'Escars rose and put it into her cold hands. As he was about to leave the room, she detained him for one moment, with a breathless whisper—

"Where is he now?"

"He is dead!" replied D'Escars escaping.

* * * * * *

After a while Julie opened the packet. The few notes and invitations she had ever written to him fell out, and—the locket.

Julie opened the locket with trembling fingers, and saw—her own face!

FATE never played on mortal a crueler trick than when she suddenly hurled upon the present Emperor of Russia the load of Czarship. To be absolute master of over a hundred millions of human beings is in itself a task of inconceivable magnitude. When, further, the task is completed by organized robbery among officials and organized murder among subjects, by continual necessity of provoking war by aggression abroad, and ceaseless terror of assassination at home—it becomes simply unbearable. A less stubborn and less conscientious man than the Czar would have cut his throat long ago under the frightful load imposed upon him. He suffers, and sticks to his post. He does no good to himself or anybody else. His wife is a pale spectre of her former self, looking old enough to be the mother of her older, but marvelously preserved, sister, the Princess of Wales, worn and gray-haired with her life of fright. Their eldest son, the Czarowitz, a boy of 18, is in a decline from which there is little hope of recovery—simply terrified out of his life. But the Czar still manfully tries to be Czar. The task is beyond him. If there could be a man made up of Bismarck, Washington, Richelieu, Bonaparte, and Tamerlane put on the Russian throne, perhaps he could hold his place and compel success.

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In ceaseless fold on fold;
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A subtle spirit rises
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An appetizing odor
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When at the well-laid table
How is the palate blest!
He betters other dishes,
Yet is himself the best.

But call upon your lady—
Why is her smile so grim?
Before a word is spoken
She knows you've been with him!

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A designing man—The architect.

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"I'm saved from a watery grave!" exclaimed a tramp who was pulled out of a dairyman's milk-can.

One of the most delicate ways of taking revenge on a neighbor is to make his boy a present of a drum.

Why is it that doctors don't take their own medicine? Because they have too much regard for their health.

Sophronia asks: "What is philosophy?" It is something which enables a rich man to say that there is no disgrace in being poor.

A sweet girl graduate wrote an essay on farm life, and gave a beautiful description of the manner in which the milk was extracted from the bosom of the cow.

A child is enjoying her first visit to the city, and has never before seen a steamboat. "Oh, mamma," she cries, "see there! The locomotives are in swimming!"

Miss Cleveland expresses her belief that people partake of the nature of the food they eat, but no one ever noticed that a wolf became more lamblike through his favorite diet.

A lady had some goods sent home marked C. O. D. A little 9-year-old girl exclaimed: "I know what C. O. D. means—Call on dad!" Which was singularly near the mark.

Farmer: "Do you want this job of shoveling snow?" Tramp: "I am not a snow shoveler; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes."

His fickle judgment. Willie: "Mamma, you ain't going to give all that chicken to Tommy, are you?" Mamma: "No, Willie, dear; it is for you." Willie: "Oh, what a little bit!"

The rinktum has vanished, the skatum has fled; the rollum is banished, the wheelum is dead. Tobog is the daisy that now rules the day; let's tobog till we're crazy, ri-tu-ra-li-lay!

Young lady: "You say you will grant me any favor I ask?" Aged masher: "Yes, dearest angel; I'll do anything in the world you ask of me." "Then propose to my grandmother. She is a widow."

"Do you know what has become of that relation of yours who used to work for me?" asked a gentleman of an Irish laborer. "No, yer honor; but if yez is anxious to see him, ol'll wroite to him an' ax him to sind me his addriss."

A man who has lived happily with his wife for 25 years is now suing for a divorce. She got hold of a modern cook-book a few weeks ago and prepared a dinner according to the receipts given therein. Her husband believes she tried to poison him.

Wife: "Mrs. Smith is an awfully slovenly woman. She leaves everything to the servants, and her three children just run wild. It's a shame!" Husband: "How do you know all this, my dear?" "How do I know it! Am I not over there half the time?"

A New York dentist once received an order for "a block of teeth" as follows: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighth inches through the jaw, some humocky on the edge, shaped like a horseshoe, toe forward. If you want me to be more particklar I shel hav to cum thar."

A gentleman entered a Chicago gun store and asked to be shown some revolvers. "Here is a nice family weapon," said the clerk. "A family weapon?" "Yes, a family weapon. Just the thing for domestic tragedies. It has six chambers, sir. Two bullets for your faithless wife, two for the ruthless destroyer of your home, and two for yourself. They are all the go now."

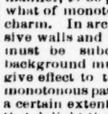
What he had got. "What has this man been up to?" asked a New York police justice of an officer who made the arrest. "He got religion at the meeting of the Salvation Army. He called out at the top of his voice: 'Let me out! I've got salvation! Let me go home and bear the blessed tidings to my unbelieving wife.'" "There is no violation of the law in all that." "No; but when he was edging toward the door I jammed him up against the wall and unloaded three watches and four pocket-books from his clothes."

Education.—We are told that this or that man must have an extensive education; but another, who holds a lower place in society, needs a more narrow one—that the governor of a state requires a first-rate education, while the humble mechanic has only need to study his last and leather. But why should not this man, though pursuing a humble occupation, be permitted to open his eyes on the lights of knowledge? Has he not a soul of as great capacity as the former? Is he not sustaining the same relations as a parent, a citizen, a neighbor, and as a subject of God's moral government? It is, in fact, a greater work to educate a child than to perform the duties of a governor.

What is it? It is to take the direction of mind, to cultivate the powers of thought, and to teach the duties which we owe to God and to our neighbor. Can a parent teach his child those duties unless he has learned them himself? Everyone, no matter what is his occupation or place, needs an education, in order that he may have the proper use of his powers, and be enabled to improve them through life.

To Pack Eggs.—Eggs packed and treated as follows can be kept for three months, and seem and look like fresh eggs: Take a common box, such as is used for packing canned meats; upon a two-inch layer of fresh clean oats place the eggs, large end down, and leave a space of at least an inch between the eggs; cover with a layer of oats and then place another layer of eggs as before, until the box is nearly full; fill it with oats, packing the grain in neatly, and screw on the top; place the box in a cool cellar, and turn it upside down every other day. If fresh eggs are used, and the turning is attended to as directed, few persons will know them from fresh eggs, and they will certainly be much superior to limed or pickled eggs.

It is the sublime immensity of the sea that gives to the waves their grace and brilliance, the strength and stability of the mountains that give charm to their variety of height and shape as we view them from a distance, the long stretch of level ground that causes our pleasure in the hill or lake that breaks upon our sight. Art, in like manner, to be pleasing, must give us somewhat of monotone before its novelty can charm. In architecture there must be massive walls and pillars, and the decoration must be subordinate. In painting, the background must be strong and clear to give effect to the picture. In music, the monotonous passage must be prolonged to a certain extent to give zest to the changes that delight the ear. So, in life, there must be sameness if any benefit is to be derived from change. There must be rest before motion, home before travel, work before play, duty before pleasure.



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Latest Fashion Phases.

There have been a variety of stuffs to choose from this year when a dancing-dress had to be decided on. Tulle is always the most costly and the most elegant; its soft filminess is peculiarly becoming to youth, and young married women who dance introduce handsome panels and embroideries with it.

The skirts of tulle gowns are most simply arranged; as often as not they are just one skirt above the other, barely draped at all.

The foundations are rarely more than two yards and three-quarters wide; but they appear wider from the amplitude of the tulle above.

Sometimes the skirts have tucks run with silk, like the hem of a bridal veil. This is not only an excellent finish, but preserves the tulle, which is often inclined to be split.

Gathered flounces, also tucked, are carried occasionally down the side as panels. Another novelty of arrangement is the introduction of narrow baby ribbon either sewn in many rows on the draperies, or threaded through the tulle, while at the feet, in lieu of the hitherto inevitable kilt pleating, there is a bouillonne drawn in on these narrow ribbons, and caught down here and there by great rosettes of the same.

The most effective use of ribbon on dancing-gowns is in itself a study. Ladders of bows are applied to the sides of gowns formed of narrow ribbon, sewn on to a strip of muslin in a close row of double loops four inches across.

A most stylish gown is a simply draped black tulle, down the side of which is a succession of mandarin-colored bows, made of 12-inch wide ribbon, one loop and one end in a continuous line set only half an inch apart. The line of color on the black had an admirable effect; yellow on white is equally effective.

For debutantes long loops of white satin ribbon come from the waist to within a few inches of the hem, finishing off with a bow, and sometimes diagonal lines of ribbon are sewn on the side.

For matrons ostrich feathers are used to confine the drapery, and the large lyre-shaped fans are hung from the waist, and applied to the same purpose.

A new make of tulle is covered with tufts of marabout in any color; it is specially soft and pretty, and the draperies may be bordered with cord to match.

Horizontal stripes have been introduced into tulle, by allowing the warp to accumulate in weaving at stated distances; they give substance and durability, and look specially well in a yellow tinge of eau de Nil. No trimming is required, but voluminous drapings are necessary.

Lines of tinsel have been introduced into gauze, which makes delightful dancing-dresses.

Dewdrop tulle is made with tinsel spots set in three close-set rows, the tinsel being stuck on after the manner of spotted tulle much employed at one time for veils. It is to be had in gold and silver, and also in a few metallic colorings; in some the three lines are each of a distinct tone, such as red, blue and gold. If this is well draped it looks extremely well in a brightly lighted room, on black as well as white.

Spots are the fashion, and many black tulles are being draped with another class of goods hitherto used for veils, viz., black tulle with black pea spots.

The large chenille and silk spots standing out distinctly from the foundation are of the past and gone now as far as fashion is concerned.

For young matrons all kinds of elaboration of trimming find favor. The market is flooded with handsome "pentes," which, on the score of over-production, are to be had at a third of their original price. These have been introduced as panels on to many dancing-dresses; a pink silk ground, for example, displays a handsome Gothic design in gray velvet, a triumph in weaving, and this as a broad box-pleat is placed at the side of a pink tulle dress, while a heliotrope pente with graduated velvet stripes, ending in a plush band and fringe, is cut up into two or three stole-like pendants, for the side of a heliotrope tulle skirt.

Most elaborate are the gold thread embroideries with large glass drops to match the tulle ground, used for fronts and panels and some of the pearl work embroideries are really artistic productions.

Tulle covered with either plain or engraved gold or silver sequins is much used for dancing-dresses, and these same sequins in glass are applied to green, heliotrope, blue, gold and pink tulles, as well as to the rich red cardinal, which is still among the most fashionable colors.

If you are economically inclined, you can make up tulle over sateen, but it always looks better over silk or satin, and many of this season's dresses are so covered that the foundation is quite visible, and is accentuated by important bows of the same material introduced on the skirt.

A new notion for ball dresses is a shot effect. Sometimes this is achieved by draping the tulle over a shot silk petticoat, but often as not the tulle is employed double, one color upon another.

On an eau de Nil satin foundation tulle of the same tone was laid over one much darker and arranged in long single folds, caught down at the side with bows of ribbon. Other combinations were a heliotrope satin with violet and heliotrope tulle combined, a brown satin with brown and gold tulle, and blue with Pompeian red. The uniformity of the folds was broken by a cascade pleating of the double tulle down the side.

For such a dress it would take thirty-five yards of tulle; and almost every shade is to be had—blue, pink, eau de Nil, crevette, mousse, mordore, emerald, red and electric blue.

Many young people appear at dances who are not introduced, and quiet dresses are needed by them, also for breaking-up parties at school.

On such occasions some of the ecru cotton canvasses, cheap, strong, and simply draped would be desirable. They have no trimming but a bunch of ribbons.

The point d'esprit net covered with tiny close-set spots, makes new and pretty dancing-dresses, with twice the durability of tulle, for it cleans well. It is generally trimmed with pinked-out flounces, and is to be had in colors as well as in white.

A less costly fabric, which is taking the place of nuns veiling, though it is not so serviceable, is cotton crape, which is dyed in admirable tones and makes becoming frocks for school girls.

Silk crepe of a coarse crinkle in all colors is employed for ball dresses for older people.

The cotton crepe is trimmed with lace. Sprigged net is to be recommended on the score of wearing well. Soie de Chine, which looks like muslin made of silk, is firm, unerushable, but thin, and trimmed with lace is suitable for the sort of dress a very young girl should wear.

Sometimes it is richly embroidered in wool and silk, with a glistening crystal bead in the centre of the daisies, which are the favorite pattern; then it is used for trimming on young matrons' dresses.

Some of the most costly dresses of the period, are made of tulle embroidered with cut glass introduced as gems.

Low bodices, laced at the back, are more fashionable than any other kind of court bodices cut well off the shoulders, but those who are thin do well to raise them a little on the neck, as this will not thereby outrage the rules laid down by La Mode.

It is much the fashion to have epaulettes of flowers made to stand up high. Heart-shaped bodices are better worn than square.

Tuckers are discarded whenever possible, and the dressmaker's art consists in draping the material used for trimming with such subtle skill that it shows off the skin to the greatest possible advantage.

The old-fashioned berthas are coming in again, but a newer style is to carry the trimming down the front as a short stomacher or full baby bodice, and sometimes this is outlined from the shoulder with ribbon-like braces, which disappear in the points in front, for bodices are nearly all pointed back and front.

The best material now used is the new peau de soie leather silk, very soft of texture, but so firm that it can be cut to a hair, and the figure looks as though the solid flesh were melted into the dress. This is a marked improvement on satin, which was too glistening to be really becoming. Flowers are worn on the skirt, and just a bunch on the bodice.

Everything is made easy. We can buy a lace bodice trimming ready to slip over the head, and only needing a pin here and there to adjust it, and we may have also floral trimmings intermixed with rope-like folds of tulle, which one or two safety pins will secure to the skirt.

Whatever you choose, be sure to have a high upstanding aigrette of flowers for the hair, or a small chaplet, for even with plenty diamonds, feathers or flowers are invariably worn, also long and pretty bows of ribbon.

Odds and Ends.

SOME HINTS ON FANCY WORK.

There is a pretty style of work which may not be known to all our readers, and which, being easy and quick to do, as well as very effective in appearance, is well worth their notice.

It is called Bulgarian work, and consists of a pattern something like the crewel-work patterns, traced on cloth or felt. Along the tracing lines are pierced a series of holes, and the stitches are then taken from hole to hole.

These are generally bought ready pierced; but I think it would not be very difficult to prepare it all oneself. Care must be taken not to make the holes too large or at very uneven distances.

After tracing the pattern with a stiletto, pierce it at intervals of not less than one-eighth of an inch apart, or even further when the pattern will not allow of two stitches in the same line.

This piercing will be easiest done on an old wooden table or piece of deal board, which will allow the point to sink in, and yet prevent it from going too far through, and so making too large a hole.

A pretty mixture of colors should be chosen. If the pattern be a geometrical one, other stitches besides the long back stitch may often be introduced, such as cross-stitch, herring-bone, and feather-stitch.

Berlin wool or silks may be used, or both combined look well. This will be found a very good way of using up remnants, both of cloth and wools or silks.

This reminds me also that cuttings of the "toile-crosse" may be made into various pretty little articles, even should they be only an inch or two in size.

Take a two-inch square, for instance. Work it in some pretty little pattern in cross-stitch—say a Maltese cross—holding the scrap diamond ways, and working an arm of the cross into each corner.

Ground it with a few stitches of another color, and stitch it down with gold silk into the centre of a cushion, d'oyley, or any other small article.

A row of feather-stitch at some little distance from the centre, or a wreath in outline work, will be quite sufficient, and it may be edged with a little gimp or a lace frill.

Now, this Bulgarian work above alluded to, or small pieces of "toile-crosse," or both even together, might be made very well into a charming quilt for cold weather.

The foundation should be composed of good-sized squares of two or more colors—say of black and scarlet only, or black surrounded by alternate red and blue.

In the centre of each of these squares could be an applique of either of the above remnants, stitched on with gold silk, and the seams of the foundation of patchwork could be ornamented with either a fancy stitch or a narrow gold braid.

A broad lace all around and very full at the corners, with a large bow, would finish it off when lined and quilted. If thought too showy, it could be used for a sofa blanket, when its brightness would be cheerful and attractive.

For those who are fond of these fancy stitches spoken of above, a very good way of employing them is to do some smocking. This is not only suitable for some sorts of dresses, especially for children, but is also used when covering work-baskets, tables, pin-cushions, and large cushions. It also looks very nice as a cover for a baby's bassinette, say in a pale blue sateen, honey-combed and feather-stitched with silk of two darker shades of blue.

This is best regulated by dotting it at the right distances through a piece of perforated card. Be sure to have a long enough piece of thread in your needle, as it can be joined in the gathers. Draw it up as tight as will be required, and fix with a pin at the end. Now take the silk twist, beginning at the left hand, and pick up each pleat, dropping the thread below the needle. This is the plain smocking-stitch.

It can be varied in an infinity of ways, but most frequently one or more rows of this are worked top and bottom, so as to keep the pleats in place.

A pretty sort of trellis pattern is made with herring-bone-stitch, taking up two of the pleats together above, and then below, lift one pleat further to the right, and one of those lifted above. These stitches require to be rather deep to show well.

Feather-stitch can be made either single—sometimes called thorn-stitch—or double, or branched, always taking up one pleat each stitch.

Honeycomb-stitch draws two pleats close together, then leaves a little space; then again the next two close together, and so on to the end of the row.

End off securely and begin the next row again at the left hand, dividing the pleats of the former row, and drawing together one from one pair, and one from the next pair, and so on throughout.

I must not forget to state that the gathering should be repeated at intervals wherever the smocking is to be done, so as to keep the pleats straight.

When all the embroidery is finished, iron it at the back to press it; if the colors are delicate, or the material wiry, place a damp cloth between, and let the iron be rather hot. Then you may draw out all the gathering threads, and it should be nice and elastic.

With a little practice sufficient neatness will be obtained to undertake making up small articles from scraps, such as letter cases or even purses. Some sort of iron or heavy weight is necessary perhaps; a new flat iron used cold is best and most convenient.

Work on knitting baskets made in the form of a Brazil nut out of three pieces of card, are easily covered with scraps of eastern embroidery, or of antique brocade, and look exceedingly rich and pretty on the table, besides being very useful.

Confidential Correspondents.

OLD S.—We could not possibly publish the story again. Although we would like to do so to oblige you.

CHILBLAIN.—There are any number of alleged good cures sold in the drug-store. Your best plan would be to speak to a doctor, if they are very painful and take his advice.

DOIS.—No rule can be laid down for determining when "my" should be pronounced as "me" in vocal music. You must be guided by the connection in which it comes.

W. WHITE.—A microbe is a member of a large family of microscopic animals of the lowest organisation. Microbes are the producers of certain forms of decay, and of various diseases, notably of phthisis and cholera.

JENNIE J.—As your lover disavows all intention of saying anything unkind or discourteous to you, and has made all the reparation in his power, there is nothing for you to do but to ignore the matter in future, and treat him as though nothing of the kind had occurred.

PETER.—The Southern Cross is the most conspicuous constellation in the Southern Hemisphere. Situated near the Antarctic Circle, and never, therefore, visible in our latitudes, it consists of four bright stars, so placed relatively to one another as to suggest the form of a cross.

NUCKIE.—It is said that one can silver-plate small articles in the following way:—Take one part nitrate of silver, one common salt, and seven cream of tartar; powder and mix. Apply by wetting with a little water, and rubbing on the article to be plated, which must be quite clean.

JACK.—No man would take any proceedings against a lady for keeping an engagement ring; he would hardly wish to see it again. At the same time we can hardly understand any girl with a spark of spirit or feeling in her composition wishing to keep such a memento of a broken engagement.

DIST.—An octoroon is the child of a quadroon mother and a white father, thus having an eighth part of negro blood. 2. Most likely the black spots you speak of were "patches," which were worn in the last century; they were little pieces of black plaster stuck here and there about the face, and were supposed to enhance the beauty of the person wearing them.

IGNORAMUS. — "Easter" is nowhere named in the Bible. It is the day appointed by the Christian Church to commemorate the resurrection of our Lord. The name is derived from a Saxon festival in honor of the goddess "Eostre," once worshipped in Great Britain. It is a movable feast depending on a certain full moon in March. It was so arranged that Easter Sunday might be kept on the same day throughout the whole Christian world.

KATIE.—You have not quoted the verse quite correctly; it is:—

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh, sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!"

It is the last verse of a little poem by Lord Tennyson, written about five-and-twenty years ago. The lines have been set to music.

GAMBOGE.—According to phrenology, the intellectual organs are all situated in the front part of the head, so that, unless a large forehead is occasioned by some malformation of the brain or skull, it usually indicates good mental capacity. 2. A practised phrenologist would be better able to answer the question than we can. We should say not; the power of work may increase without the brain itself enlarging. 3. The answer to question No. 1 will apply to this one. 4. Genius is described in the dictionary as "great intellectual power." We can give no better definition. It is the capability of using and applying the power that makes men of genius really great.

JUL.—You are a type of a class of people whose lives are a burden to them on account of the state of their internal machinery. Costive persons are the longest-lived. Eat plenty of fruit, especially for breakfast. Brown bread, cabbage, and all green vegetables may be eaten freely. Avoid aperients if possible. Avoid brooding over your ailments. The mind acts on the viscera more than is generally known. It is a popular fallacy that a man suffers in health from the cause you mention. There is more harm done by taking medicine than by allowing Nature to help herself, or by using natural means, such as a diet largely composed of vegetables and plenty of cold water.

DILL.—No, there is no perfect cure. Hysterics, like epilepsy, cling to some people all their lives. At a recent scientific conference in France some interesting experiments were made on hysterical patients with drugs which were not actually administered, but were placed at the back of the patients' heads and were used without their knowledge. Under these circumstances, opium produced sleep, alcohol caused drunkenness, and absinthe brought on paralysis of the legs. In women, camphor gave rise to religious ecstasy, and in men, convulsions. Many drugs were employed and all gave their characteristic effects, though they were all contained in phials or wrapped in paper.

T. N.—You say, "I have been courting a girl for upwards of two years. We have been engaged for twelve months, and when I asked her to be mine, she said she would marry me at any time I wished. I wanted to ask her parents at that time, but she was not willing that I should do so then. She said that when I did ask them, if they objected, she would marry me in any case. The time is now nearly up, and she says she can't make up her mind to marry, and is not willing for me to ask her parents. She also said if they objected she could not go against their wishes. She says she loves me as much as ever she did. She is twenty years of age, and I am seven years older. The last time I called on her I became very angry with her, and when I left her I told her I did not know when I would come back. This seemed to bother her very much, and she urged me to come the next Sunday. I asked her if she wanted to break off the engagement, but she would not say. What do you think it is best for me to do? I love her very much. Please answer as soon as possible, as I am very anxious to hear from you." The young lady seems to be trifling with you. Under the circumstances which you describe, it was proper for you to ask her if she wished to have the engagement discontinued. Perhaps, if you should cease importuning her about marrying you, and treat the whole matter with indifference, she would become anxious to have the marriage take place.